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The Week

AS this issue of The New Repubic is on the press, the Berlin correspondents of the New York World and the Chicago Tribune send their papers excited dispatches to the effect that Germany has capitulated. They allege that the great German industrialists, who are the heaviest sufferers from the Ruhr occupation, have been talking things over with their French confreres, and have induced the Stresemann government to make an offer. Passive resistance will be abandoned, if pardons are granted to the deported and imprisoned Ruhr citizens, and "security and subsistence" are pledged to the population of the occupied areas. The French demands for reparations payments in kind from the Ruhr are to be met, not from the Ruhr alone, but from the unoccupied territory as well. A German Ambassador is to be sent again to Paris to negotiate direct with Poincaré. If this capitulation is regarded as insuffcient, Germany is to "resort to arms," according to Samuel Spewack, the World's correspondent.

WHILE every sane man would be glad to know that a basis of settlement was in sight which offered hope of a lasting peace not based upon the utter annihilation of Germany, it is hard to see how the Stresemann government could make good on such promises, assuming them to have been made. Passive resistance is an action of the whole Ruhr population, composed of workingmen most of whom regard the German industrialists as just as hostile to their own interests as are the French. It is difficult to imagine them as anxious to aid a settlement for the benefit of the industrialists. It is true that they are being subsidized in their idleness by Berlin; but a government which, to force an end of passive resistance, cut off the money and supplies for the Ruhr, would draw down upon its head the wrath of the whole German population. It is possible that the Stresemann government, as a final desperate gamble, might promise the French what it knows it cannot deliver, in the hope that France will refuse, and that Great Britain and America will thereby be goaded to take peremptory action; but neither Stresemann's past history nor the present situation indicates that such a wild step is probable.

THE essential facts are that Germany has offered to make heavy annual payments, secured by a mortgage on all her industries. She is willing to accept the judgment of an international expert commission as to the size of these payments. Great Britain advocates the acceptance of this offer, and on its own account waives both reparations and Allied debts, except the sums needed for its payments to the United States. The French have thus far refused even to discuss the German proposal. They want an absolute surrender, and they ask it under such terms that it is impossible to believe their real purpose is anything else than the veiled annexation of the Rhineland, and the destruction of the Reich.

THE Irish election, the Spanish-Moroccan war, the death of Admiral Baron Kato, and the foreign relations of Italy are the chief minor items in the week's foreign news. Mussolini objects, quite legitimately, because M. Poincaré's latest note complete-

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ly ignores Italian rights, both as to a share in reparations and participation in the proposed seizure of Rhineland railways and Ruhr mines. He has also delivered a virtual ultimatum to Jugo-Slavia, demanding that the Fiume question be settled at once. Half way around the world, trouble looms again between Great Britain and Russia, due to the raising of the British flag on Wrangel Island by Stefansson. The only two bright spots in the week's budget are the ratification of the Lausanne Treaty by the Angora Assembly, and continued news of the economic recovery of Austria under virtual administration by the League.

THE anthracite strike continues to be the centre of interest in the United States. President Coolidge has placed the whole matter in the hands of Governor Pinchot of Pennsylvania. If he fails, no doubt the Coal Commission will try its hand, and as a last resort the chief executive will see what he can do. The country is gradually waking up to the absurdity pointed out in these columns three weeks ago of expecting the bituminous miners to act as strike breakers against their fellow-workers in the anthracite fields. President Lewis of the U. M. W. A. may be correct in asserting that the men will not break their agreement, which continues until next spring; but there are plenty of ways in which they can observe the technical letter of the contract and still keep production down to a point where the public and the operators will be unable to collaborate in starving out the hard coal miners. The existing situation reveals all too clearly that no one has any real idea of what to do about the coal problem. The most that President Coolidge, Mr. Hammond and Governor Pinchot seem to hope for is to patch up a truce for a few months, and then do it all over again when the next agreement expires. Numbers of people talk glibly about having the government take over the mines; but they never answer the subsequent questions: Do they expect the Federal authorities to mine coal with bayonets? If strike breakers are used, where are they to come from? If the government yields to the miners, will it require the operators to do the same when it returns their property to them? If it accepted union conditions in some fields, would it require them in all? Never was there a more perfect example of wanting to jump over a precipice, without giving the least consideration to what lies below it.

LORD BIRKENHEAD and George W. Wickersham are the two latest additions to the long list of illustrious gentlemen who have criticized the present foreign policy of the United States. Mr. Wickersham demands that we should enter the League of Nations, declaring that it is not a superstate but a moral force and that, in view of the relation of South America to the League, the Monroe Doctrine should send us in rather than keep us out. Lord Birkenhead urges us to aid Europe strictly from the point of view of furthering our own interests. He has managed to hurt the feelings of Henry Breckenridge and other admirers of Mr. Wilson by declaring that the latter was well-meaning but misguided, and that the world was not ready for the altruistic aspirations which were his only equipment when he went to Paris. Both Mr. Wickersham and the noble lord deserve credit for speaking their minds candidly; but the most earnest friend of American participation in world affairs must admit that the prospect of any action in the immediate future is hopelessly black. Only forty-eight hours before they made their respective appeals, President Coolidge had firmly indicated that on this question he would be just as inactive as his predecessor in office.

THE outlines of "the Coolidge policy" are slowly beginning to emerge through the mist of indecision which surrounds the first days of every administration. The President has put the anthracite problem up to Governor Pinchot of Pennsylvania. If the latter should fail, it will be put up to Mr. Hammond and his Coal Commission; and only after a double failure will the President intervene. What he will then do, it is our guess, he knows no more than anyone else. General Wood is to receive the complete support of the President as he continues to make a mess of his administration of the Philippines, the only reason vouchsafed being that legally the Governor General is empowered to override the Philippine legislature if he sees fit to do such a foolish and reckless thing. In reply to the Committee of the Chamber of Commerce of the United States, which has asked the President to end the isolationist policy, for the sake of America, Europe and the world, Mr. Coolidge replies that he sees no reason for taking any action at this time. Neither will he call a special session of Congress to aid the wheat-growers, being convinced that no relief through legislation is possible. He also refuses to call a conference of the Great Powers for the limitation of military aircraft, on the ground that such an action might prove embarrassing to those invited to participate. These are decisions which should have been expected from a man of the President's temperament. It is true that he has been thrust suddenly into a position of the most enormous difficulty, and that he should not be judged too harshly by his earliest acts. But it is also evident that on the whole his administration will be a conservative one which will regard the maintenance of the status quo as the end most earnestly to be sought.

M. POINCARÉ declares that American public opinion is behind him in his war against Germany. No less a person than General Gouraud assures him

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that "the men who fought in France and their friends and families understand perfectly the French program." Of course, General Gouraud spoke to a packed audience. It is exactly for this reason that Americans who are in a position to understand the French program, and have seen it at work, should not content themselves with a general wail about the crisis of Europe, but place the responsibility for that crisis explicitly on France, with the reprobation which must necessarily follow. When Germany was guilty, our leaders of public opinion were not so squeamish about saying what and whom they meant. Further, M. Poincaré draws from the attitude of Washington assurance that the American government shares his belief that it is not its business to criticize the method chosen by France to carry out the treaty. Here again the United States by its silence is understood as consenting to a course of action which is utterly at variance with our aims in the war and our obligations under the signed articles of peace.

SENATOR GEORGE WHARTON PEPPER of Pennsylvania is rapidly making a reputation for himself as a courageous defender of civil liberties which most public men are still afraid to champion. He has just made a report, based on careful examination of the record, as to the twenty-two Sacramento members of the I. W. W. who were imprisoned under circumstances which constitute a gross miscarriage of justice. Senator Pepper recommends not only the release of these men, but their unconditional release. Such an action would save them the bitter choice which has confronted some other political prisoners, of staying in jail or accepting freedom on terms which force them to admit a crime when they believe they have committed none. President Coolidge, who recently hinted that he might release those prisoners who had committed "no overt act," has a chance to do an honorable and courageous deed by freeing the men who are still behind bars because of their beliefs. He could do no better than to begin with the twenty-two on whose behalf Senator Pepper speaks.

IT is a striking coincidence that two of the four men who had most to do with the Washington Conference should have died within a few days of the final exchange of ratifications of the Four- and Five-Power Treaties. Admiral Baron Kato played an important role both in the work of the Conference itself and in subsequently securing ratification by Japan against the strong protests of the jingoes among his fellow-countrymen. Nicknamed by the correspondents "the Colonel House of Japan" because of his striking resemblance to the Texas statesman, he quickly won the real respect of those who saw him in action at Washington by his intelligence, his vigorous personality, and his breadth of view, which, if not that of an internationalist, clearly recognized that Japan's safest course for the present lies in a policy of conciliation and friendship for the Western powers. His country has lost a leader of high calibre, of whom she has far too few.

SECRETARY WORK has achieved the minor distinction of being the first member of the Cabinet to endorse Mr. Coolidge for the presidential nomination next year. His action is of little importance save to call attention to the embarrassing situation in which some other members of the Cabinet find themselves. It is hardly conceivable that Secretary Work should himself become a candidate for the office; but this is not true of some of the other members of the President's official family. At least two of them would, under normal circumstances, be considered stronger figures than the President himself. The latter has the great advantage of control of the office during the ten months before the convention; but this asset will become a liability if he should fail to live up to the opportunity. The coal strike alone may be sufficient to make or mar him. Messrs. Hughes and Hoover apparently intend to remain in their present posts. It must be with mixed emotions that they observe the progress of their new chief.

HIRAM JOHNSON is unhappy; and in the opinion of most of his advisors he has good reason to be. He wrote a letter to his friend Mr. McClatchy of Sacramento. Mr. McClatchy in turn wrote to Mr. Boynton quoting the Senator's missive, and this letter found its way into the hands of Andrew Lawrence, a San Francisco publisher, who made it public. In his epistle the Senator took a profoundly pessimistic view of his chances for the Presidency in 1924, writing, of course, before President Harding's death. He declared that he doubted whether he could carry California against the latter, and declared darkly that the state is again in the hands of the Old Guard machine, inimical to himself—a declaration which must puzzle those observers who have been assuming that Johnson had long ago made terms with this Old Guard. His modesty ought to do him credit; a truly civilized community would prefer a hero with some humility to one who is everlastingly cock-sure. However, such is not the case in our republic. The leader who confesses doubts injures himself thereby. Senator Johnson is on the whole lucky that his letter should have been made public so far in advance of the convention that everyone will have forgotten all about it before spring.

SIR EDWARD GRIGG'S defence of imperialism at the Williamstown Institute of Politics was a

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classic of propaganda. He stated the political justification of imperialism in the diminishing resources of the world, and pointed out that it applied to our treatment of inferior races, notably the Indians, South America, Cuba and the Philippines. "These examples," he said, "covered every form of infringement of self-determination known to British imperialism." He then stated solemnly the moral justification of imperialism: "That where self-government is withheld the government which takes its place must aim steadily and sincerely at building up the moral fabric of self-government as a trustee responsible for a world"— and doubtless left his hearers in a glow of complacency. That is the poison of propaganda. We do not need to be told how well we have faced the imperial problems at our doors, but wherein we have failed. Our treatment of the Indians, for instance, teaches the imperial lesson that we should take to heart before extending our conquests elsewhere. But Sir Edward Grigg is not interested in teaching us anything, only in lulling us or luring us into approval of a system which includes such exponents as Clive and Hastings whom he did mention, and Dyer of Amritsar whom he apparently did not.

THE unhappy Shipping Board is in a position where it is damned if it does and damned if it doesn't. Its recent head, Mr. Lasker, was heartily opposed to Government operation of a merchant marine. He tried hard to foist upon Congress a scheme for subsidization which would have cost $50,000,000 a year and perhaps three times that sum. When this scheme failed, he sought to sell a large part of his idle fleet to private operators, who refused to buy it, largely for the valid reason that world trade is still lethargic and existing tonnage exceeds demand. Thereupon the Shipping Board, as a counsel of despair, recommended that the government operate its own ships at least temporarily. The clamor of protest which has followed has been as violent as though the policy were put forward by a gang of doctrinaire state socialists. Ship owners' and operators' associations have passed resolutions of condemnation; even the Chamber of Commerce of the United States has joined the hue and the cry. The Shipping Board has indeed made plenty of mistakes, but in this juncture it is fair to ask what better course it can follow than to run the ships itself, at least on the more profitable routes, if Congress won't subsidize and the shipping men won't buy?

IN Chicago the Eugenics Committee of the United States has drawn up a program for the "practical application of eugenic principles" to the American public. The reforms suggested are the familiar ones, but a new note of praise creeps in for the automobile, which "tends to reduce inbreeding from propinquity and to widen the range of marriage selection in rural districts." The Vermont and Carolina hamlets where three generations made the native a second cousin of most of his neighbors now take their wives from any one of four contiguous counties. Behind the rural marriage license bureau looms the portentous shadow of Henry Ford as Cupid becomes deus ex machina in very truth. The bucolic belle of the McKinley era either moved to the city or married at last the local gallant from the next farm. Today she waits for the headlights to turn in at the front-yard driveway. The arts of courtship change as its radius lengthens and the domestic entertainments of awful memory languish in the face of the accessible dance and movie show.

THE Postal Service in a four-day series of tests has succeeded in establishing the feasibility of a trans-continental air-mail service in approximately twenty-seven or twenty-eight hours. In 1860 the Pony Express in twenty-five mile relays through prairies and mountains and Indian country made the trip from St. Joseph, Missouri, to San Francisco in eight days. The regular overland mail service from New York to California takes five days. The Post Office enjoys the success of a present wonder but it must expect the penalty of accomplishment. Twenty-seven hour service will soon be thought of, not as a saving of four days, but as slow time against a twenty or fifteen hour schedule. The first cargoes, naturally enough, consisted mainly of newspapers and letters of congratulations. It will be interesting to see whether East and West will find any change in the sort of letters they send now that they have so efficient a way to send them. Trans-Atlantic and trans-Pacific services will soon link on and perhaps London, New York and Tokio newspapers will print early editions for foreign continents as they do for suburban districts today. Isolationist statesmen will then be able to see that their speeches receive the circulation the subject warrants.

HARRY BARNHART, conductor of New York's Community Chorus, seems in a fair way to get himself made No. 1,500,001 on the American Bar Association's list of dangerous radicals. He has refused to play "The Star Spangled Banner" before each of his Central Park concerts, and has thereby earned the wrath of Park Commissioner Gallatin, who maintains his reputation for patriotism if not for logic by observing that "it was good enough for our boys to die fighting for, and is good enough to play in Central Park." Mr. Barnhart accomplishes the miracle of being sillier still in his defense. "Rockets' red glare, and bombs bursing in air," are to him too vividly reminiscent of war's carnage and horror. Men of such tender sensibilities as these give the lie to the canard that this is a brutal and materialistic age.

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The League and the Ruhr War

AFTER prolonged deliberation and a plain and ominous warning of what the consequences would be, France, in the person of M. Poincaré, has refused to modify to any significant extent her policy towards Germany. She will not consent to any investigation of the amount of reparations which the Germans are able to pay. Germany must pay as much as the French government demands; and if she refuses or is unable to consent, it will occupy indefinitely and exploit for French benefit the Ruhr mines and factories, no matter how necessary they may be for the German people.

The carrying out of this policy means the economic ruin of Germany, the starvation of her people, her political dismemberment, and probably her social disintegration. It means a Europe which for an indefinite period must remain as politically disorganized and as morally disorderly as it was during the Thirty Years War or during the Napoleonic epoch. It means, unless it is soon reversed, a setback for civilization in Europe of perhaps a century's duration. It may mean the transfer to some other continent of the almost uninterrupted leadership in art, science and practical affairs which Europe has assumed since the Age of Pericles.

These are grave charges, but they have been carefully measured and the most disinterested witnesses in Europe sustain them. What the France of M. Poincaré is in effect doing is to deprive a helpless neighboring people of their natural economic, political and moral life. Of course, he is hypocritical enough verbally to deny it, but he denies it in words in order to remove some possible obstacles to its accomplishment in action. There are credulous people all over the world who believe what he says rather than what he does. In private conversation Frenchmen are very candid. During the war when the German invasion endangered the perpetuity of their national life, the politically conscious leaders of France solemnly promised themselves that if Germany were beaten, they would take from her the power of repeating this offense. They frankly declared their intention of emasculating their hereditary enemy at the time; they have never swerved from that intention.

It is this inexcusable plan which more than anything else has condemned to futility all the peace conferences, leagues of nations, diplomatic negotiations and pacific affiliations which have occurred since the armistice. It has baffled all the efforts which well-meaning economists and statesmen have made to define the issue between France and Germany as economic and to settle it by economic devices and proposed conferences. The French leaders have not wanted reparations, or they would not have destroyed the only economic machinery which could produce the goods. They have not wanted security or they would never have exposed themselves to the awful danger of a rupture of the alliance with Great Britain. Since 1871 they have wanted revenge and they are now by way of getting an abundant measure of it.

That self-conscious French patriots should have wished to vindicate France by destroying Germany is not strange. Germany had deeply injured France and if victorious would have dealt with her victim as ruthlessly as France is now dealing with her. In retaliating ruthlessly and tenaciously the French are behaving as uncivilized or partly civilized people have under similar circumstances always behaved. What is strange is the blindness of so much liberal opinion in this and other countries to the actual objective of the French policy, its inevitable effects and its sinister moral significance. Since the peace conference assembled the only theory of the ultimate objective of the French which sufficiently accounted for the behavior of successive French governments was the objective of annihilating Germany as a nation. And if such were the French plan, it is impossible to conceive of a political campaign which liberals in the allied countries, who had either supported or opposed the war, should have felt a keener obligation to defeat. For not only had the liberals insisted that the Allies had fought the war in order to put an end to this kind of thing, and not only had the Germans disarmed under a solemn pledge that they would be protected against retaliation, but quite apart from the issues of the Great War, liberalism and nationality have always in theory and practice been mutually dependent political principles. The nineteenth century was the epoch of liberalism. It was during this epoch that nationality in the sense of the political freedom and security of ethnologically or culturally homogeneous peoples acquired a social character. The supposed dependence between the two principles was true. If the Europe of today is a continent in which one nation can either annihilate or proceed very far in the process of annihilating the organization and the collective political consciousness of a neighboring people, if it is possible early in the twentieth century to emulate the political crime, viz., the partition of Poland, which liberal French have characterized as a proof of the moral bankruptcy of the eighteenth century, then European political, economic and religious freedom will soon be fighting for their lives against powerful and deadly enemies.

The British government, which presides over the most politically sagacious and morally balanced people in the world, has finally awakened to the inevitable consequences of the French behavior. Its note did not explicitly accuse France of proposing to exterminate the national life of Germany, but implicitly it went very far in that direction. It declared the invasion of the Ruhr to be illegal and it convicted France, as the New Republic had always argued, of waging war against Germany.

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But the object of war is extermination. This particular war differs from others not in its object but only in its peculiar circumstances: one of the combatants is armed to the teeth; the other is disarmed and helpless. The disarmed and helpless nation is sure to be exterminated unless it can in some way protect itself against its enemies. The only weapon it can wield is passive resistance. Hence when the French government as a condition of further negotiations demands the abandonment of passive resistance, its object in insisting on this demand is unmistakable. Submission to it would be tantamount to the voluntary renunciation by Germany of national independence, integrity and self-respect. A German government would have repeated the journey to Canossa. It would have quaffed the bitterest cup of humiliation and degradation that has ever been forced to the lips of a once proud and free people. And, of course, the journey to Canossa is symbolic. It will mark only the beginning of their bondage. After the Germans agree, one of two ugly and sinister alternatives will have taken place. If the French occupation of the Ruhr is legal, the public law of Europe will have authorized the extermination of one nation by another and the Treaty of Versailles will have proved to be a Carthaginian peace. If the French occupation of the Ruhr is illegal, there ceases to be any public law in Europe inimical to French plans or beneficial to the Germans.

Perhaps the British government will eventually follow the suggestion of Mr. Keynes and charge France with waging war in violation of the covenant of the League of Nations. We hope that it will. If the League is at all concerned with the prevention of war and the future pacification of the world, it ought to have something to say about the attempt of its own members either legally or illegally to undertake the partition of Germany. For even if the Treaty of Versailles which brought the League into existence authorizes the extermination of the German nation, the friends of the League can scarcely expect it to survive in a world in which it is impotent to afford the slightest protection to a disarmed nation which is threatened with destruction. Yet such is the world of today. The League probably will not interfere and if it does its interference will not check France. It was not effectively organized to prevent war, or else France would never have joined. If it seeks to stop or impair the destructive consequences of the war which France is waging against Germany, France will undoubtedly withdraw. The French political leaders are as determined to go through at any cost with what they have begun as the German military leaders were during and after the fall of 1914. Their behavior is born of an analogous psychology and logic. There is nothing to stop them except the disastrous consequences of their misdeeds. The post-war world does not possess any machinery which is competent to prevent the dominant military power in Europe from committing the disastrous crime of trying to exterminate its beaten enemy. It does not possess any public opinion sufficiently alert, courageous and well informed to recognize a gross and disastrous wrong against public order and human welfare, provided the perpetrators of the wrong are sufficiently powerful and adopt the simple precaution of pretending they are right.

When the Chores Are Done

MOTHER takes her knitting from the basket. Sisters Sue and Mary have started for the village movies in the Ford. Eddie is out courting. Ben, with ear-phones clamped around his head, has tuned the family radio to a concert in Chicago. Father hooks one foot around an arm-chair—settles down to read a friendly journal.

If there is a sociologist groping for a subject well worth handling, or a student trying to determine how the country makes up its mind about affairs, here is a thesis that will welcome him. For an institution of importance in the making of "opinion," the rural press has received but scant attention. You seldom see farm journals quoted in the city papers. They rarely figure in a digest of editorial opinion. And yet their influence is impressive. Circulations of a million are no feat at all. Once a month, or twice a month, or once a week, new issues of a thousand journals in their yellow jackets flood the farms. Less competition, when the chores are done, than papers in the cities have to meet. The farmer reads his journal as he hoes his corn: more than once a season. And usually, it seems safe to say, the reading prompts in him a confidence, a feeling that his own cause is being pleaded, a friendly awe unlike the good-humored cynicism with which the city-dweller turns the pages of his morning paper.

A million readers here. Another million there. —What sort of mentors are these journals with their giant circulations? What interests them—what makes them sell? Good questions for a student of "opinion." In all this talk of discontent with dollar wheat, these rumbling threats of a revolt inside the ranks of G. O. P., what is the farmer reading?

Six samples lie before us—Successful Farming, The Home Friend, American Farming, The Farm Journal, People's Popular Monthly, and The Farmer's Wife. An audience, among them, of no less than ten million trusted readers.

Lift these papers in your hand. You notice, first, impressive bulk. Whoever is indifferent to the rural press, at least it is not the enterprising merchant with an array of goods to sell.

Grain drills and cattle feed, oil-lamps and overalls? Not a bit of it. Patent leather pumps and

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tires! There was a day when the interests of the woman on the farm were presumed to halt at churns and incubators. Scan the columns of a paper like The Farmer's Wife, today, and nine ads in every ten might just as well be written for a cavalcade of women at a matinee. Rogers Bros. Salad Forks—Lady Sealpax Underwear. Try the brightly illustrated pages of the Home Friend Magazine. "Art rugs" and coiffures; anti-fat and anti-thin. Nor is it by any means for women's tastes alone that the advertising pages of these journals are supremely modern. For the male eye are displayed the virtues of the central heating plant and pumping station—the turbine and the magic motor. One issue of Successful Farming alone boasts seventy solid pages of motor cars and tires. The good old-fashioned horse? Not so much as a single page, in the aggregate, devoted to bridles, harnesses, liniments, the whole paraphernalia of this time-honored beast of burden. One lonesome "buggy" ad in the entire paper: a stiff-backed model on high wheels—as reminiscent of forgotten days as a bison in the zoo.

No sign of Hard Times here. You would not guess from this array of advertising that wheat was down around a dollar. Motor cars and tires—and yet, because a farmer buys a Ford, that does not necessarily mean he is more prosperous than his friends would have us to think. A motor on a farm has long since ceased to be a plaything. Granted that he indulges now and then in luxuries. Even so, as Senator Capper has suggested, "Is the farmer to sit on a red-hot financial stove all his days because he and his family have a few cheap frills that go along with modern civilization? Nobody else does. Who wants to sell his birthright for a little jazz coming out of a box with a spring in it?"

The jazz is there. It crowds the advertising pages of these journals. On the whole, however, it seems less a sign of marked prosperity than one more bit of evidence that Outer Gaul is being Romanized, that more and more to city ways of living come the farms. You cannot tell the advertising section of Successful Farming from the bargain pages of a paper built for Broadway. Nor, turning from the ads to reading matter, can you find a journalism characteristically rustic in its make-up.

For the old type of farm journal—provincial in its tastes, an alloy of Victorian fiction, household pharmacy and poultry notes—is evolving into something as metropolitan as the metropolis itself. Take these half dozen papers as fair samples. Fiction moves along at the brisk pace of the story-teller who can clap his heroes into modern complications. Every sort of city "feature" has been borrowed for the farms. The Farmer's Wife has its Fashion Tips and Beauty Secrets, its Bedtime Story and its Etiquette of Entertainment, on a scale as lavish as the five o'clock edition of the city press. The wireless has already had its inning; "Radio for Every Farm." Even in the picture sections you observe the modern touch: photographs no longer limited to cows that break the record and rams with crinkled horns—but spreading all around the world with that brazen catholicity of taste which marks the rotogravure sections of the city papers, on Sunday mornings: Mussolini Leads his Black-Shirts through the Streets of Rome—Diamond Anklet Startles Paris—Flames Lick Oil-Tanks in Stupendous Blaze—Will She Wed the Prince of Wales?

Haphazardly, with that semi-curious, semi-commercial interest of the rest of us, the farm journals venture out into the wide, wide world. It is a trait discernible even in their editorials—aside from ads and art and fiction; for while there is no great display of enthusiasm here about the politics of foreign nations—no unanimity about such things as Leagues of Nations—there is certainly a much more lively interest in the state of Europe than those of us who live in cities might expect. Successful Farming, for example, believes that such a doctrine of economic isolation as has been attributed to the farmers would be "suicidal to agriculture and to industry alike;" "no class of people in the United States is more interested in or vitally concerned with the destinies of Europe and her economic well-being than the farmers." The Farm Journal thinks that to get ourselves mixed up in Europe would be "just the same as we already are." People's Popular Monthly believes "we of America have a very definite interest in the Ruhr"—which scarcely fits the current interpretation of the farmer as one man who doesn't care a fig for Europe—and suggests that "certainly it is time that the people of the United States take a firm stand in favor of a definitely aggressive program upon the part of the national administration to bring about a settlement of European troubles."

There are all sorts of modern touches in the rural press. Ads, pictures, policies. It would be an interesting survey that covered the whole field, told us what the farmer really reads when his day's chores are done. Mother takes her knitting from the basket. Sisters Sue and Mary have started for the village movies in the Ford. Father hooks one foot around a chair; attentively he turns the pages of the nearest thing to gospel that comes through the mails.

Alma Mater, K. K. K.

Indianapolis, Aug. 15.—Negotiations have been completed for taking over Valparaiso University, at Valparaiso, Ind., by the Ku Klux Klan, Milton Elrod, editor of the Fiery Cross, official publication of the Klan, announced here tonight. The university is one of the

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oldest schools in the country and will be called the National University, he said.

IT is a warm spring afternoon in 1935. On the campus all is quiet, save for one far corner where a group of Seniors hangs the Dean to a lamp-post as a protest against probation. Too early in the day for incandescent lamps to light the fiery cross above Mob Hall. Scarcely a sign of life in this square of close-cropped turf, speckled with bright patches where the sun shines through the elm trees. Over near Memorial Arch stands a group of Sophomores. From the red tassels on their hoods, the giant keys that hang around their shoulders on hemp rope, one might guess that they are able students. Phi Beta Ku Klux Kappa men.

Not that they are exceptional in this respect. Old Dr. Borebright, Dean of the College of Arts and Fetters, who got his start in the more conservative universities of the East, hustling from the faculty whichever colleagues dared to disagree with him in principles of economics, used often to remark that nowhere in the country could there be found a student body more intent upon the acquisition of true knowledge. And Dr. Borebright ought to know. For his are two of the stiffest courses in the whole curriculum. *Applied Psychology,* 3: Waving the Flag and Bullying the Jury. *Modern Philosophical Systems,* 2: the Protocols of Zion.

Grant that the institution has its rowdies. No college can escape them. There are young bucks at Valparaiso who persist in spending evenings at the movies, instead of patrolling the town for Knights of Columbus meetings large enough to be worth breaking up. No discipline seems to touch them. And of course, too, there is the inevitable distraction of an athletic system that claims more than its due share of student interest. Harvard and Yale know what that means. But in certain respects Valparaiso is more fortunate than its fellows. The whole student body participates in contests on cinder path and diamond. Certain events, to be sure, are reserved for individual competition. The Running Gauntlet, for example—and the Standing Tar and Feather. But at the psychological moment the entire college throws itself into the game. It is a tradition, at Valparaiso, to mob the referee just before the last race or final inning, no matter what the score, and throw him from the cupola of Law and Order Chapel.

Surprising, on the whole, how rapidly traditions of this sort take on stature even in the youngest of collegiate institutions. Is it Columbia that decrees round button caps for Freshmen—Princeton that bans smoking on the village streets? Valparaiso has its own unwritten laws of college custom. It would be a bold yearling who would dare to lynch a professor within two blocks of the Dining Hall, or light a fire in a synagogue on any day but Friday. Such flouting of time-honored custom would handicap a man in his pursuit of prestige, spoil his chances for election to much-prized fraternities like Delta Kappa Kleagle. Old Dr. Caldwell, Registrar of the University since its founding, is never tired of the story of Brother Aldwich, '27. Freshmen banquets listen to that story every year. Here was a man who worked his way through college—he drove the motor van in which "Undesirables" were spirited across the county border—yet rose through sheer observance of collegiate custom to the rank of Cyclops on Commencement Day. Not only that. For all his lowly start, his classmates made him Chairman of the Junior Riot.

Quiet enough today, this sun-patched square of campus underneath the elms. A snatch of song from trellised windows—a group of Kleagles gathered on the Fence. But there are often days when life flows briskly through the veins of Valparaiso. Once a year, at graduation time, come alumni from a thousand points to light the flaming cross. Parades, reunions, costumes. Class of '25 goes down the street behind its Cyclops, arrayed as Minute Men of '76. Class of '29 as Spartans at Thermopylae. Class of '32 as Native-Born White Protestant Americans.

All picturesque enough; noise, color and excitement. Yet these are not the days old Klansmen cherish. It is another picture they love best. . . . The quiet campus gleams beneath an Indian moon. Over the tree-tops glows the fire of some lynching party late in coming home.

My country Ku Klux Klan,
Down with the Vatican,
Of thee I sing—

A lonely voice is chanting Valparaiso's Alma Mater:

Land where the mob is boss,
Land of the rope and toss,
On every flaming cross
Let freedom swing.

THE NEW REPUBLIC

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The Anthracite Dispute

I. The Case for the Miners.

THERE is nothing new in the controversy now raging between the anthracite operators and the United Mine Workers of America. For many years the mine workers have tried to induce the operators to adjust the many injustices that prevail in that industry, and in this instance they are still trying. Wages of anthracite mine workers always have been too low to afford a decent living for the men and their families. Wages in the anthracite field are far below those paid to bituminous workers who do identically the same kind and class of work. This is unfair. The basic wage rate for day workers in the bituminous industry is $7.50 a day. In the anthracite industry day wages range from $4.20 to $5.42, with many men receiving even less than $4.20, some of them as little as $3.25. In the face of these figures, the miners are unable to understand why the coal companies have the nerve to say that wages in the anthracite field are fair.

It is true, anthracite miners work an average of 271 days a year, as against an average of less than 200 days a year in the soft coal fields, and this fact eliminates some of the inequality between the annual earnings of the two classes. But compensation should be based on service rendered in any case, and it should not be necessary for anthracite miners to work 50 or 75 more days a year in order that their earnings may match those of men in other lines who perform the same kind of labor.

The report of the United States Coal Commission, issued July 19, shows that approximately 20,000 of 45,000 "outside men," who work by the day in the anthracite industry, earned from $1,100 to $1,800 in the year 1921. The men who earned from $1,100 to $1,200 worked 272 days, while those who earned from $1,700 to $1,800 worked 373 eight-hour days. In other words, the latter class worked seven more days than there were days in the year to earn as much as $150 a month.

The last increase in anthracite wages came in 1920, when the Anthracite Coal Commission, appointed by President Wilson, awarded the men an increase of 17.8 percent. In the same year the Bituminous Coal Commission awarded the bituminous men a 27 percent increase, although their wages already were far above those in the anthracite field. Anthracite miners always have felt that they were bilked out of 10 percent which they should have received from the Commission.

Along with the demand for an increase of 20 percent in the wages of contract and consideration miners and two dollars a day for day men, the anthracite miners also demand the establishment of the check-off system for the collection of union dues of one dollar a month in the anthracite field. This system has been in successful and satisfactory operation in the bituminous industry for twenty-five years, and there is no good reason why it should not be adopted in the anthracite industry. There is nothing mysterious nor terrible about the check-off. It means simply that the miner gives the operator a written order or assignment of so much of his wages as is required to pay his union dues and obligations, and the operator deducts that amount from the miner's pay envelope and pays it over to the treasurer of the union. It is merely a plain business proposition and a matter of convenience to the miner and to the union. It is the miner's money and he has a right to do with it what he pleases. The check-off does not cost the operator a cent. And there is nothing illegal about it.

Moreover, the operators themselves use the check-off system which they now denounce when the miners ask for its adoption. By means of the check-off they collect from their employes pay for house rent, beneficial funds, taxes, air drills, oil, detonators, dynamite, electric firing batteries, rental of electric lamps, wages, contributions to the Y. M. C. A., etc., etc. Not only do they check-off and deduct amounts which the men owe the company but they also check-off and collect bills for doctors, undertakers and other business concerns. Yet they refuse to check-off union dues, on the ground that it is illegal.

What the miners want is adoption of the standard check-off provision that prevails in all of the unionized bituminous fields. This provision carries with it a penalty clause which says that when employees indulge in a strike in violation of the contract they shall be fined one dollar a day for each day that the mine is idle. If an operator closes his mine and locks out his employees in violation of the agreement he is fined one dollar a day for each man thus thrown idle. Without the check-off there is no possible method for the collection of these fines against the employees, and this fact means lax discipline. The union is helpless to enforce strict observance of the contract by the men.

These are some of the things the miners believe they should have. They also want to be paid for their coal by weight instead of by the car of uncertain and varying size and capacity. They want the hodge-podge of wage rates in the various collieries made uniform. They want the uniform eight-hour day by elimination of the twelve and fourteen hour shifts. And the anthracite mine workers will not feel that they are properly treated until they win these essential reforms.

Ellis Searles.
Editor, United Mine Workers' Journal.
Washington, D. C.

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II. The Case for the Operators

The present controversy between the anthracite operators and mine workers involves far more than wages and working conditions. There are concerned, from the operator's standpoint, the retention of markets, the stabilization of the industry, and, above all, the securing of permanent peace by the orderly settlement of questions in dispute through the means which have been in existence for more than twenty years.

One of the two principal demands of the miners is for the check-off with the closed shop.

Briefly, the check-off is a system whereby the employer, in this case the anthracite operator, deducts, or checks off, from the wages of each employee, the amount of the employee's indebtedness to the union. This includes not only union dues, but such fines and assessments as may be arbitrarily levied by union officials. The money so collected is turned over to representatives of the union and the operator becomes a collection agency for it.

The check-off is in effect in certain of the unionized bituminous coal fields and nowhere else. No other industry employs it. It was instituted about twenty-five years ago for the purpose of insuring payment of the wages of check-weighmen who are employed by the union. It was gradually extended to cover all union dues, fines and assessments.

Constantly increasing union assessments have been used as pretexts to force wage increases under threat of strikes. These increases, of course, have resulted in greater production costs.

President Lewis of the Miners' Union has interpreted the check-off as meaning the closed shop.

The operators' position in this matter is very clear. Anthracite mines are operated under the terms of the awards of the Roosevelt commission of 1902, and the Wilson commission of 1920. Both commissions ruled that the anthracite industry must be so conducted as to offer free opportunity for men to work regardless of union affiliations.

Now the miners' officials would change all this —in spite of the full protection to the union which the present system affords. The operators, knowing the evils of the check-off with the closed shop, knowing also that there is no demand for it from the rank and file of anthracite mine workers, and firmly believing that it would work untold harm to the industry—operators and miners alike—as well as to the public, have refused to agree to any such change. They have, however, agreed to submit this demand of the miners' officials to arbitration. But the miners' officials will not accept arbitration.

The other major demand of the miners' representatives is for increases of twenty percent in the wages of contract miners, and of two dollars a day in the pay of day men.

In this connection, it must be understood that anthracite mine workers are paid wages based on the award of the Wilson Commission, made in 1920 during the peak of the post-war inflation. Wages in all other industries were subsequently reduced, but the pay of anthracite mine workers did not follow the downward trend.

The anthracite operators desire to pay wages that will insure the mine workers a reasonable and comfortable standard of living. They believe the present rate is ample, especially in view of the fact that anthracite mining is a full time industry. They are supported in this belief by the report of the United States coal commission.

Were the wage demands of the miners to be granted there would be added to the labor cost of producing anthracite the huge sum of $90,000,000 annually. Statements of the miners' representatives that this tremendous increase could be borne out of the profits of the industry are by no means warranted by the coal commission's findings.

The operators are unwilling further to increase the already high price of domestic anthracite. Further increases would result in the permanent loss of markets in favor of substitutes. Such a loss would mean, at best, that many men employed in producing anthracite would have to seek other means of livelihood.

Nevertheless the operators have offered to arbitrate this demand also.

They have offered further to guarantee the mine workers against any loss by agreeing in advance that there shall be no revision of wages on a downward scale and that the award of the arbitrators shall be retroactive to September 1. The miners' representatives have refused this offer also.

The operators have agreed to certain of the miners' demands, among them the elimination of the twelve-hour day where it is in effect.

They have repeatedly sought assurance from the miners' representatives that there shall be no suspension of mining on September 1, in order that the public may continue to get coal. The final answer of the miners' representatives is the suspension order which has already gone out and which will result in inconvenience to the public, heavy loss to the industry and loss in wages to the men which, added to the $126,000,000 loss in wages sustained during the 1922 strike, will seriously cripple the resources of the individual. The operators take the position that they have no right to agree to demands which must inevitably react on the consumer and bring disaster to the industry. They believe that in offering arbitration they have proposed the only just means of settling the questions at issue. They are content to leave their position to the judgment of the public.

Samuel D. Warriner.
Chairman, Anthracite Operators' Policy Committee.
Harrisburg, Pa.

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France's "Rhineland Republic"

OUT of the ruin that is Germany today, France holds intact the Ruhr and the Rhineland, holds it, it is true, only as a pledge to be redeemed in time by Germany, but in holding it makes that redemption impossible at the present price. But England is demanding drastic revision of that price, in order that France may not indefinitely hold the industrial heart of Germany in her power. France, however, has no intention of ever relinquishing the territory that she now holds.

Balked at the peace conference in her efforts to obtain the Rhine as a permanent frontier, she has ever since sought a means of holding the Rhineland under her domination in perpetuity. A Rhineland republic established under the protection of French bayonets and held under French political domination, serving as a buffer state between France and any future German attack, has seemed the best means of obtaining this result. Ever since the armistice her efforts in this direction have been untiring.

Shortly after the armistice Dr. Dorten, openly supported by General Mangin, General Commanding the French Army of the Rhine, made an abortive attempt to establish a Rhineland republic. This effort failed completely, partly due to insufficient preparation, and partly to the action taken by the General commanding the American forces of occupation in refusing to permit the republic to be proclaimed in the American zone. Later, at the instance of President Wilson and Lloyd George, General Mangin was withdrawn from his post in the Rhineland "for unauthorized interference in political affairs."

This put a stop for the time being to French separatist propaganda in the open, but it increased only that much more in underground channels. A new leader for the separatist party, a Joseph Smeets, was found. Mindful of the failure of the Dorten movement through too much publicity, the French strove for a long time to keep their connection with Smeets a secret. Smeets, continually in difficulties with the German authorities, however, was finally forced to appeal to the High Commission under Ordinance 90, which offers protection to any German prosecuted on account of services rendered the Allies. The High Commission was at last forced to act. The French department of the High Commission, unwilling as it was to admit any connection with Smeets, at the same time could not deny his appeal and permit the German court sentences to go into effect. At one of the most tense meetings held since the commission came into being, the French High Commissioner in an impassioned speech declared that Smeets had rendered vital service to France and that he must be protected. Nevertheless, the French High Commissioner, for the first time in the annals of the commission, was obliged to use his casting vote as president, in order to carry the decision according protection to Smeets.

From then on Smeets received the fullest possible assistance from the French department. Many of the earlier meetings were held under the protection of French bayonets, while other political parties were forbidden to hold meetings. The protection of Ordinance 90 was accorded to other members of the party and unofficial assistance was rendered in every way possible.

As a necessary preliminary to the establishment of the republic, every attempt was made to weaken German sovereignty in the Rhineland, although this sovereignty had been expressly guaranteed by the peace treaty. Various attempts were made to abolish the office of the Reichskommissar, sole German foreign office representative in the Rhineland, who centralized the authority of the Reich in his hands. Efforts were made to obtain military control of the railroads under the direction of the D. G. C. R. A., the French railways commission, and attempts were made to put the state forestry service under the control of the military. Although all these moves were blocked, up to the time of the occupation of the Ruhr, by the British High Commissioner, the French were successful in weeding out of office many officials of non-Rhenish origin who might be expected to oppose the separatist movement.

Since the occupation of the Ruhr, England has lost all direct means of opposing the separatist propaganda. Unwilling to accept any responsibility for decisions affecting the Ruhr or taken as a result of the occupation of the Ruhr, British influence on the High Commission has almost entirely disappeared. Decisions that concern the Ruhr bear in their heading the statement that the British High Commissioner abstained from voting and as a result decisions are carried in an arbitrary manner by a vote of the French and Belgian Commissioners without regard to the British viewpoint.

France has used to the utmost the practically absolute power thus obtained. Officials who refused to obey the French in accordance with instructions received from Berlin as part of the program of passive resistance have been deported, and their places filled from the ranks of the separatists. The railroads have been seized by the military. Originally manned entirely by troops, more and more Germans have been found to work under French direction. These men, billeted in the homes of the thousands of their fellow workmen who, refusing to work for the Railway Direction have been deported, are hated and despised

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by their fellows and have been dropped from their unions and the political parties to which they formerly belonged. No longer subject to German jurisdiction, either civil or criminal, and enjoying immunity from German reprisals through the protection afforded them by France, they have gone over to the separatist party and are bound to it by the strongest motives of self-preservation. The same is true of those Germans who are working in the forestry, customs, license and tax collecting services now under French control.

France has placed the actual machinery of government in the hands of the separatist party and is in a position to turn over to that party, whenever she wishes, the sovereign power of the Rhineland. The stage is set for the Rhineland republic. Baldwin has thrown down the gage of open enmity to France.

Will France dare to order the curtain raised? Will Poincaré, responding, strike for a vital asset of supremacy in Europe and seize the Rhineland under the cloak of that masterpiece of French diplomacy, the Rhineland republic?

BRUCE S. NICHOLS.

Why Mr. Gompers Is Afraid

THE student of American life may well be at a loss to explain the lack of sympathy of Mr. Samuel Gompers and the A. F. of L. for what may be called intellectual liberalism. The reactionary character of the public utterances of our labor leaders has astonished and disturbed those who see in the labor movement a hopeful source of progress in America. It may be said that many of the union leaders are innocent of culture and lack the discrimination that comes only through scientific training; the very absorption of the movement with opportunist gains, the almost exclusive concern with details of wages and hours, bring forth the bargaining or business type of leader. But Mr. Gompers and his close associates are alert and well informed as to the facts and tendencies of contemporary life. Any satisfying explanation of their mental attitude must lie deeper; it is to be found in the background of the labor movement itself.

Two lines of psychological interpretation may be developed: First, the resentment shown by the leaders of American labor today toward the intellectuals—their scorn of intellectual values—is a characteristic trait, an attitude of defense that is the product of a long struggle against Socialists and revolutionary unionists within the movement. It must be remembered that American trade unionism has achieved a partial success only after seventy-five years of futile endeavor for more idealistic programs. From the time the labor movement was at last stabilized in the nineties, intellectuals outside the labor ranks have had no part in guiding it: the movement has developed a vigorous leadership that is distinctively its own.

In a very real sense Samuel Gompers is the outstanding representative of labor in America. As President of the A. F. of L. he has given forty years to building up the fighting strength of the regiments of skilled workers. He has directed this fighting strength toward a limited objective—effective trade union organization. And in this single-minded effort he has faced opposition within the ranks of labor itself. As Professor Perlman of Wisconsin explains in his recent discerning history of the labor movement, opportunist trade unionism took its rise in part out of the cosmopolitan Socialist background of Mr. Gompers's own union, the cigar-makers. This immigrant lad, who had come from England during the Civil War, was at twenty-seven, in 1877, the president of the New York local. With other men of the same tough-mindedness, he turned from the wordy strife of Socialist doctrine to the practice of a trade union philosophy in keeping with American conditions. In the work of building the Cigar-makers International Union into an effective instrument, the leaders faced strong opposition from the Socialist element in its membership, which split the organization in New York. In the struggle with the Knights of Labor which followed, in 1886, the tragic lesson of American labor history—written large in the failure of the idealistic Knights—was borne in upon Mr. Gompers's mind: decade after decade labor has dissipated its strength following the panacea policies of impractical intellectuals.

In the American Federation of Labor itself, the new realistic trade unionism was soon forced to contend with the revolutionary political unionism which also had its source in the agitation of little groups of Marxian Socialists in the New York of the seventies. The Socialist Laborites, under the determined leadership of Daniel De Leon, a South American and "college professor"—he taught languages at Columbia University for a time—abandoned the policy of capturing the movement from within and attempted in 1895 to set up a rival labor organization, the Socialist Trade and Labor Alliance. At the Convention of 1894 the De Leon group had voted with Gompers's trade union opponents, and elected another President for the only time in the history of the federation. In a period when the struggling labor movement was weakened by industrial depression, the defection must have appeared to Gompers, who had already come to feel a proprietary interest in the organization, noth-

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ing short of treason. True, De Leon's effort for dual unionism came to nothing, save for its contribution to the launching of the more effective labor opposition of the I. W. W. in 1906. But the insurrectionist effort of the radicals served to instill fear and abiding antagonism in the minds of the orthodox trade union leaders, and knit them more closely around Gompers's leadership. The real basis for the "Grand Old Man's" deep resentment of idealistic "reformism" is clear. American labor leaders have, not without reason, come to turn a deaf ear and a caustic tongue upon the sirens of Socialism and to name them the foes of the pragmatic advance of unionism.

The Reformist Socialists continued after 1900 the policy of agitating within the federation. For years this faction offered the only appreciable opposition to Mr. Gompers's policies, at times gathering as many as a third of the votes at the annual convention. The Socialist Party foundered upon the rocks of the war issues; and out of the wreckage has come the new extremism of communism and the Workers' party, recently brought to public notice by the Michigan trials, and the capture of the Farmer-Labor party convention in Chicago early in July. From the standpoint of the labor movement, this development is of moment because it has an economic wing, and involves in its affiliation with Bolshevist Russia and the Third International William Z. Foster and his Trade Union Educational League. Since the steel strike failure, Foster has been agitating amalgamation and industrial unionism along the radical fringe of American unionism. The enmity of Mr. Gompers and his associates toward Soviet Russia is, in part at least, inspired by a dread that Bolshevist propaganda may weaken and divide the American labor movement.

To the judicious, however, Mr. Gompers's vehement denunciation of communism cannot but seem distorted in the light of the pitiful weakness of that movement, and its lack of relevance to American life. His attitude may well reflect the persistence of an old state of mind that grew out of more real dangers in the past, rather than fear of any considerable defection among the labor rank and file today upon so extraneous an issue as Russian impossibilism.

But this issue will serve as well as another to call attention to the second point in an interpretation of Mr. Gompers's anti-progressivism and lack of intellectual perception. We have to deal with an effort to compensate a feeling of inferiority, which may be explained by the lack of recognition of the American labor movement. The conservative labor leaders are certainly astute enough to realize the preponderant middle class sentiment here, and to appreciate the absurdity of fear of revolutionary agitation by the workers. But since the war and the great strikes in steel and coal and on the railroads, the cause of labor has come to be identified in the public mind with radicalism; and the Russian question offers a good opportunity, fairly taken by the labor movement, to "put itself straight" with conservative opinion and to assure our befuddled people that labor is not revolutionary. But when labor opinion goes so far in freeing itself from the charge of radicalism as to join in the condemnation of liberalism, nice questions of mental and moral integrity are raised. Friends of labor are at a loss to explain Mr. Gompers's continued pride in his close connection with the National Civic Federation even when that body seemed with the war hysteria to have deteriorated into a mere radical hunting agency. The temper of mind which excitedly indicts old age pensions as "paternalistic and un-American," and indiscriminately lumps together even the mildest of liberal magazines to damn them as "Socialist, pacifist and revolutionary," will not help even the conservative cause. In the affiliation of labor with such effort we have the ironic spectacle of a movement necessarily progressive repudiating its best friends, the liberals, who almost alone among the forces making opinion in America have given a sympathetic interpretation of the aims of labor. How may we explain Mr. Gompers's support of the very kind of misleading propaganda that has been so successfully employed against the labor movement itself? Is there any likelihood that such a thin smoke screen may divert suspicion from the really dynamic cause of the organization of labor?

The reason for this inconsistency lies in the keen desire for recognition and respectability on the part of American labor leaders. There is reason enough for a sense of inferiority on Mr. Gompers's part to be compensated even by intellectual casuistry. The war increase in labor strength has been whittled away by the depression of 1920-1922, and the effective opposition of the employer groups better organized than ever before. The labor movement has not yet been sanctioned and accepted in American life. Dominant public opinion has still to be informed and won over: Supreme Court decisions of recent years call into question again, despite the Clayton Act, the fundamental issues of labor's right to organize and extend its influence. Mr. Gompers's sense of well-deserved prestige, gratified for a time by the Democratic administration during the war, has recently been suppressed.

This situation goes far to explain the petulant irritation of the old leader of labor at new ideas and the prodding of intellectuals. Here is the basis for his resentment of criticism from liberals, who call into question the success of the labor movement, pointing to the failure to reach the four-fifths of the industrial workers who remain unorganized, and the seeming inability of the A. F. of L. to make headway in controlling scientific management or organizing the large scale

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industries. The disheartening fact is that Mr. Gompers has sought to "make himself safe" by seeking a precarious respectability. This very effort has blinded him to the pressing need of developing a reconstruction program, and of mobilizing labor's strength for more coherent economic and political action. His old complex concerning radicalism, become well-nigh a fear-psychosis, has deterred the use of the American intellectuals as apologists and interpreters of the labor program to the public opinion of the nation. Such aid, so invaluable an asset to the British movement, is practically absent in this country.

The American environment has developed types of personality of strange contradiction. Gompers is one of the strangest. A remarkable strength of character and an exclusive dedication to the interests of the working people have held his great ability in the labor movement and prevented his seeking business or political preferment. His courage has been splendid as he has stood unflinchingly for the rights of the workers to extend their organization; he and his fellows have been willing to go to prison, if need be (as in the Buck's Stove and Range Company case), in defiance of what they considered usurpation of judicial power. Ironically enough, the mental limitations of the forceful leader of American labor near the close of his long career represent the price he has paid for singleness of purpose in his long and bitter contest for power.

Mr. Gompers is the victim of his own dramatic past: as he has listened through many years for the stealthy footfalls of assassins armed with ideas—the radicals who attacked him from behind as he faced the hostile employers and apathetic public—he has in the end become constitutionally suspicious of intellectual ferment. His loyal clan continues to beat the tom-tom of regularity in a time when old slogans have lost their power. The assertive self-sufficiency of our labor leaders is disheartening in its implications: they do not see that a technique of organization developed in the eighties fails to fit the conditions of industry today, and that a laissez-faire philosophy is utterly inadequate to the realities of our complex society.

The tragedy of life is that old mental attitudes persist, long after the conditions which called them forth have passed, to thwart new growth. Scar tissue is not elastic! With the restriction of immigration and renewal of prosperity vast opportunity lies before the American Federation of Labor. But the fetters of the past are unbroken; the stigma of inferiority, impressed by conflict and defeat, is upon its leaders. For the most part, they offer a negativism that is often cynically selfish in the stead of aspiration and constructive planning. There are few signs that they will soon develop the practical idealism that would redeem their cause. Whence is to come the liberal statesmanship of labor which the challenge of today demands?

FRANCIS TYSON.

The Tobacco Habit

A FEW days ago an Anti-Alcohol Congress was held at Copenhagen, which, despite its title, paid especial attention to an attack upon tobacco. Speakers declared that smoking was the indirect cause of Lord Carnarvon's death; and that the average height of Englishmen and Americans had been reduced because of the use of tobacco during the last century. The Congress apparently plans a world-wide assault upon tobacco, similar to previous efforts of the same character.

Few habits have been attacked with the same fine fury that is brought to bear on tobacco; and the smoker's only reply remains: "Tobacco is a filthy weed—I like it." There is no defense against the superior moral conviction of your wife when she triumphantly tells you that your present attack of dyspepsia or heart trouble or any other of the ills of which this flesh is heir, is the direct result of smoking that extra package of cigarettes per day. Or vice versa, if it should ever come to that.

Tobacco has been assailed on physical, mental and moral grounds. Furthermore, it is so frequently associated with alcohol as to be doubly incriminated. Why should we be so down on it? As human habits go it is a young habit. Indeed as the flapper continent it is only fitting that we should have blown the first ring. America gave tobacco to the world through Columbus and the kindly discoverers who visited us early in the sixteenth century. The historical pleasantry of the servant who emptied a bowl of water over Sir Walter Raleigh and his pipe in an honest but misguided effort to put out the fire is a familiar childhood memory. Since that time the consumption of tobacco has not only become universal but has assumed great commercial importance. The latest statistics show that 4,500,000,000 pounds were harvested throughout the world of which the United States alone produced 1,400,000,000.

The genesis of the tobacco habit makes interesting speculation. In general, the food customs of mankind seem to have substantial foundation and are not merely fortuitous satisfactions of the palate or gratifications of perverted appetites. In all probability they are the results of experience

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joined to instinct and supply important wants in bodily economy. The visits of shy wild animals to barnyard salt licks confirm such an interpretation. Civilized man has come a long way from his natural environment and it would seem that stimulants in some form or other are essential to the exigencies of modern life. The transition from a life which was largely physical to one which has become mental and nervous creates new demands. Smoking may be regarded as the expression of a need of the human machine which is not food.

"Man learned by chance that tobacco gives rise to certain pleasurable sensations; that it allays restlessness, tranquilizes emotional inquietude and fosters repose. Profiting by experience, he in time came to resort to tobacco whenever he felt the need of relief from physical or emotional strain . . . It attains its peak at the moment the psychic mechanism is exposed to greatest tension. Those engaged in intellectual pursuits or other forms of mental stress are most likely to feel the need of tobacco. Moreover, the failure of substitutes for tobacco to satisfy the craving for this particular plant suggests that its taste and aroma, and perhaps the local effects of smoke, are directly involved in its attractiveness." It may be said, therefore, that the pleasure of smoking is due to a variety of factors, chief among these being the stimulating and narcotic effects of nicotine. Taste, sight and rhythm must also be given due consideration. In fact if one were to accept Freud's theory one would have to believe that smoking is an attempt to repeat the gratification of being at the mother's breast. The habit of smoking, however, cannot ordinarily be considered to be very strong, since most of the nicotine is destroyed during combustion. If nicotine were injected as is morphine, then the craving for these drugs might be comparable. To be sure, the inveterate smoker finds it difficult to "swear off," but most smokers can reduce their supply when necessary.

Nicotine is a narcotic drug, but its habitual use does not constitute a drug habit as that term is commonly understood, either in its development or in its withdrawal symptoms. The acute intoxication which results from the first use of the plant is intimate if not painful and embarrassing history to every smoker. Medically it is chiefly of interest because of "the unparalleled rapidity with which it is followed by a tolerance to larger and frequently repeated doses of tobacco." These symptoms seldom recur after the specific antidotal mechanism of the body has been set in operation.

From the physical standpoint, one of the principal objections to tobacco is that it affects the heart and vascular system generally. Thus the immediate effect is a temporary rise in blood pressure which has been interpreted with varying degrees of gravity. There are some investigators who see here evidence of permanent injury to the cardio-vascular system which may result in such common heart conditions as rapid and intermittent beat, hardening of the arteries, etc. Other investigations maintain that the changes in blood pressure induced by smoking are relatively insignificant and that the temporary rise just mentioned does not exceed in degree or duration that which ordinarily follows a cold bath. In fact it hardly ever equals the effect caused by such comparatively wholesome pastimes as dancing. This is another of the many instances in which one might well become impatient with the indefinite results of scientific investigation. It would seem a relatively simple experiment to determine the magnitude of the changes in blood pressure resulting from smoking, yet the difficulty lies in an adequate selection of a sufficient number of cases and the proper interpretation of results.

Small boys can still be frightened away from tobacco by telling them their growth will be stunted, but there is little evidence to establish that smoking is responsible for either backward physical or mental development. The horse and cart in this instance continue to be a reversible combination.

There is one danger from smoking which cannot be ignored even though it occurs much less frequently than others which have been mentioned. This is cancer of the lip. Dr. Robert Abbé and others have long since called attention to this disease which results from the chronic irritation of normal tissue. Whether it is due to the heat or the chemical constituents of the smoke or a combination of the two, is not known, but the result is one that may well give pause to the intemperate smoker.

While it is well known that nicotine is the active principle in tobacco, nevertheless there are other poisonous substances present in very small amounts. Of these pyridine, hydrocyanic gas and carbon monoxide are most familiar. Recently considerable attention has been focussed on the latter gas which is responsible for asphyxiation since it is present in incomplete combustion. The newspapers frequently carry notices of death in garages and elsewhere from the exhaust of gasoline engines. Some British investigators have undertaken the study of the carbon monoxide in tobacco smoke and find that the blood of cigarette inhalers frequently shows a high absorption of this poisonous gas which results in the typical symptoms of vertigo, tremors, nausea, anaemia and loss of memory for recent events. "The cigar smoker on the contrary, absorbs a considerable amount of nicotine and nicotine poisoning may follow from excess."

Many smokers virtuously claim that tobacco smoke is a disinfectant. An Italian investigator has recently reported some interesting experiments on the germicidal effect of tobacco smoke upon various pathogenic bacteria. His conclusions as quoted in the Monthly Bulletin of the International Public Hygiene Association are worth repeating:

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> Unfortunately, the disinfectant action is less powerful in the smoker's mouth than in the test-tube. Signor Puntoni's experiments in this direction led him to conclude that at most there is a comparatively mild germicidal effect produced after one has smoked a very large amount of tobacco. Moreover, this applies only to the less resistant germs, such as those of cholera and meningitis. Those microbes having a resistance equal to that of the typhoid bacillus, or greater, cannot be destroyed by tobacco smoke. He also regards it as a grave mistake to suppose that the germicidal action of the smoke manifests itself in the respiratory passages as a result of inhaling the smoke.

There has always been much heated discussion as to the potency of the different forms in which tobacco is used. Placing them in descending order, the most potent coming first, they are: chewing, pipe smoking, cigar smoking, and cigarette smoking. Contrary to the prevailing opinion, it will be seen that the cigarette is in fact the least harmful form in which it is possible habitually to use tobacco. Ordinary Virginia tobacco from which most cigarettes are made contains weight for weight nearly twice as much nicotine as Manila cigar tobacco. But the important consideration is the amount of nicotine present in the smoke rather than in the leaf. The smoke from a cigar ordinarily contains more than twice the amount of nicotine that is present in the smoke from a cigarette.

The quantity of leaf is as important as the quality. Immediately behind the lighted end of a cigar or cigarette there is an area which acts like a condensation chamber for the water and other volatile substances in the tobacco. However, the very act of smoking with its slow combustion destroys approximately fifty percent of the nicotine. The rest of the nicotine passes into the area behind the glowing tip and condenses. As the hot gases are drawn by the smoker through this area into the mouth some of the nicotine convivially joins the expedition. Of course the hotter this moist chamber is, the less condensation will take place and the more nicotine can continue in its gaseous form on the journey to the mouth.

This is likewise true of the other volatile toxic compounds. Obviously, the smaller the moist area behind the point of combustion, the less likely is the smoke to contain volatile toxic compounds. Consequently a thin cigar or cigarette will yield fewer of these compounds than a thick cigar because the thin cigar or cigarette permits a relatively greater cooling. It has been estimated that the smoke of one cigar contains about as much nicotine as that of twelve or eighteen cigarettes. "There is not the slightest foundation for the popular notion that the paper or the tobacco used in the manufacture of the cigarette contains any substance that is especially injurious to the human organism. Emphasis on the relative innocuousness of the cigarette is deemed justified by the persistence with which the misinformed strive to convey a contrary impression." In some comparative tests on blood pressure following smoking, Dixon found "the Manila cigar caused a considerable rise in blood pressure in five or six minutes, followed by a collapse representing respectively the stimulation and depression of nicotine on nerve cells. No such effect could be obtained with cigarettes."

Without taking the joy out of life for the indulgent smoker it should be stated that the assertion, the higher the price of the cigar, the less the nicotine, is pure fiction. If anything there is a much sounder basis for believing that the higher priced Havana cigars contain more nicotine than the cheaper brands. Tobacco users as a rule do not guide their preference by nicotine content.

The influence of tobacco on neuro-muscular and mental activity is a pertinent problem which cannot yet be considered solved. In fact our present knowledge is even less satisfactory than that with regard to alcohol. Berry and Bush have reported results which are diametrically opposed. The former concludes that on smoking days the work was done in less time and with fewer errors. The latter, however, claims that there is a decrease in efficiency. The most recent carefully controlled experiments have been reported from the Psychological Laboratory of the Johns Hopkins University in Baltimore. Carver and Bates working independently have published an extensive series of data in the Journal of Comparative Psychology for 1922. They arrive at substantially the same conclusions after employing the same test, that is to say, dart-throwing.

Carver found that smoking caused a slight decrease in accuracy of throwing the darts within a short period after smoking as compared with non-smoking. But the influence was of little moment and negative results were observed on other functions. Bates, in extending these studies with six undergraduates, concluded that "the immediate effects of moderate smoking (one cigar or two cigarettes) vary from negligibility to slight disturbance of accuracy." Efficiency throughout the one hour test was not affected and the speed of throwing remained the same. That is to say, no harmful effect was exerted by a moderate use of tobacco. Further experimentation along these lines will be awaited with much interest.

Our present knowledge with regard to the use of tobacco, therefore, would indicate that its dangers have been even more frequently overemphasized than minimized. Individuals react differently towards narcotics and a tolerance may be easily established. Moderate cigarette smoking can scarcely be considered disastrous, as many octogenarians and nonogenarians will testify. In one respect alone, is opinion unanimous that tobacco is a menace. It menaces the purse.

NICHOLAS KOPELOFF.

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Russia—1923

V. Finance.

It was the plan of the Soviet government gradually to eliminate the money factor from Russia's economic life, since in a communist state money is unnecessary. As the government needed money to carry on its foreign and civil wars, however, it was decided that a largely inflated note-issue would be good business. This happy scheme would not only supply the financial medium of exchange that was needed at the moment, but it would simultaneously bring about a gradual decline in the value of the rouble, thus making it easy to introduce the communist system, in which money was no longer of any account.

The policy worked out only too successfully. It caused the value of the rouble to fall with headlong speed. By the spring of 1921, the Soviet government was obliged to acknowledge the important part normally played by money in economic life, the problem of Russia's financial reconstruction and the stabilization of the rouble appearing in all its gravity.

It is interesting to review the efforts of the Finance Commissariat and the state bank to restore the national credit. In October 1917, at the beginning of the Bolshevik revolution, 18.9 milliards of paper roubles were in circulation, and their value was reduced to one-third. (£1 sterling was equal to between twenty-seven and thirty roubles on the London Exchange.) The volume of paper notes increasd rapidly; in January 1919, it had reached 6.8 milliards, in January 1920, 225 milliards, and at the beginning of 1921, 1,168.6 milliards. By January 1922, the volume of notes had risen to 17,539 milliards. Concurrently with the increasing volume of notes the gold value of the Soviet rouble sank between January and May with even greater rapidity. Even when notes were issued every month, equal to more than half of the total amount of notes previously in circulation, the rouble's decline continually reduced the value of the total amount of notes, and in so doing reduced the State debt.

During the summer months, on the other hand, the development of trade, as a result of the country's new resources furnished by the harvest, induced a partial stabilization of the rouble. Though the speed of the issue of notes has noticeably fallen off since then (in November only thirty percent of the notes in circulation was issued) yet the gold value of the total amount of notes (which had dropped in May to fifty-seven million pre-war roubles) has gradually risen. At the end of August it had reached 137 millions, and at the end of October 185 millions of pre-war roubles.

It is important to notice that although the Soviet government's note-issue is still enormous, it is not haphazard, and a real effort is being made to reduce its proportionate dimensions. In particular it is encouraging to convert the monthly issues during 1922 into pre-war roubles and compare them with the sum of the Russian government's normal sources of income in kind: taxes and receipts from the state's property and enterprises. We are then able to see how these normal sources of income are gaining in importance. Whereas in January 1922, they did not amount to more than one-eleventh of the note-issue, they advanced in April to more than one-fourth, in August to more than one-half, and in October to more than three-fourths of the amount of notes put in circulation. In the course of the last three months of 1922 the total of taxes and receipts very nearly reached the figures for note-issues.

Above all, it should not be forgotten that, in spite of all these financial reforms, the Russian government depends on the tax in kind, the well-known "prodnalog," as its safest source of income. In agricultural produce of various sorts the Russian peasant last year paid a tax to the state equal to five or six million tons of rye. This produce is used partly to feed and pay the state employees and the army, and partly for distribution in the famine districts as food for the people or as seed-grain.

In June 1922, the Russian government floated a grain-loan, i. e., it issued bonds, the face value of which was guaranteed by the tax in kind, collected in advance. The owner could send them back to the state when the "prodnalog" was demanded, which was much more convenient for him than to transport grain, or else he had the right to draw during the winter the quantity of grain that his bond was worth. At first the people received this loan enterprise with suspicion, but they soon discovered its advantages: The grain loan bond furnished a "stabilized rouble."

But the most important of the efforts made in Russia to secure a sound financial organization is that made by the Soviet government through the state bank, which has more than 170 branches in all the important towns and correspondents in many of the smaller ones. It undertakes all funds in Russia and from abroad to Russia, and if the senders do not specify to the contrary, pays in foreign currency all transfers of dollars or sterling, so that the recipients do not incur loss through the decline in Soviet roubles. It shows great caution in furnishing industry and agriculture with credit, financing no undertakings which run at a

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loss. As part of what the public pays for state administration is paid in gold, the steady decline in roubles will not inflict such large losses on the government.

In the course of one year's working the state bank has collected considerable supply of bills, only including bonds in undertakings which do not run at a loss. One of its great tasks has been to finance Russian exports. But it has too little capital for this work, or for allowing its branches to launch out into great activity. Its rapid development would be very greatly facilitated if foreign countries would give it credit in the three following ways: (1) Advance on bills; (2) credit on goods, and (3) credit to industrial trusts in Russia against the state bank's guarantee.

In addition to the state bank, the last few months have seen the formation of numerous industrial banks, trade banks, agricultural banks, and mutual credit societies. Some of these institutions are very important, but of course they are very far from being able to secure the credit which is indispensible for the country.

FRIDTJOF NANSEN.

Italian Notes

VI.

ANTICA TRATTORIA.

AT the Antica Trattoria Teresa Fusco it is nine o'clock, ten o'clock, as time goes on. Nearby in the tiny bay that runs behind the Castel Ovo, built to guard an Emperor's treasure seven hundred years ago, the water is thick with sail-boats and little barges and fishermen's canoes; from which the sailors and old women and boys still are bringing in the oars to store them for the night, passing with their dripping, unwieldy burdens among the tables of the guests as gravely and directly as the sun sets at the end of the day. This is the Antica Trattoria Teresa Fusco, but in the adjoining place also, the Antica Trattoria della Bersagliera, they are singing, laughing, eating, walking about. Nearer the water's edge are the little stands for lemonade and beer, humbler, moveable establishments where families, poor people and stragglers may sit for next to nothing and pass an hour. And between these and the line of the two restaurants a stream of people goes past, households with children alongside and babies asleep in their arms, beggars, soldiers, cocottes, sailors and fishermen, Spaniards, Greeks, and now and then Orientals, and Negroes from Africa. The waiters run hither and thither, people shout to them; I hear the small waves lapping on the quay; the folded sails stir in the gusts of breeze. In the shadow of the ancient castle walls, grown now into a mere mass of darkness as the lights go out everywhere within the gate, life streams and glitters, chatters, sings, cries, a rumor and flash of vitality and motion. And at the same time there is in all this a deep and ancient repose. Everything here is so full and so abundantly expressed that it carries with it a sense of permanence, there seems to emerge a kind of complete and motionless truth.

At the next table a man with a crepe band on his sleeve sits at a table with three babies from three to eight, and the four of them are eating minestrone with cheese, frutta di mare and wine. The jasmine man comes by. He has put the small flowers on the end of pine leaves and bound them then into bunches with ivy; on a straw tray he carries gardenias, their perfume spreads on the air. He wears a ragged coat and an old blue cap; his face is like Poe's grown battered and wilder. He takes a big egg from his pocket and shows it to me.

Duck's egg, he says. He paid a lira fifty for it. Ducks' eggs are very rich, Signore. This is for the baby. The mother was weak when the baby was born, but this will make him strong.

Little boys steal by the waiters' legs and pick up the butts of cigarettes, darting here and there around the tables. The servants of the ostricari hurry about with orders of sea-foods. Four or five beggars wait at the rim of the company for the waiters to turn their backs. And an old woman, fat and calm, comes in and moves from table to table, holding her black apron up to carry the bread that people give her. Her cotton dress is purple with round figures on it in black and red, she has a brown and yellow handkerchief bound on her head. At one of the tables out beyond the awning is a group of men, ten of them, having a supper party.

They call to her—"Marta!"

But the man at the head of the table instead of giving her bread or fruit or cheese as the other tables have done, holds out his palm. Marta tells his fortune and his friends listen and laugh. His affairs are going well, ah, si, abbastanza bene, but he is to beware of evil from that friend of his—she points to the fat man at the foot of the table. Marta tells ten fortunes; she gets money this time, not food. But to Naples it is impossible that fortune telling should be taken so lightly, a mere pastime. Five or six of the men rise one by one and take the old woman aside and listen gravely to the prophecies and revelations that she whispers in their ears, and come back gravely to their seats again.

In the midst of this party I become aware, rather suddenly somehow, of one man sitting there with the rest. His clear features, his hair, his eyes, his voice and figure present an extraordinary beauty. There is a discussion roaring, now that the fortunes are told and Marta is gone; a climax appears in the argument; everyone throws in a saying to cap the matter. And finally a man calls out in a clown's tone—

"Siamo d' accordo,"

and another swears by the Madonna that it is nothing less.

But this creature among them who is so beautiful seems distinct and part from the men around him and when it comes to him the horseplay and the loud, forced humor seems to subside somewhat. The others laugh at what he says but he says it with a certain ease and security. It is plain that he is less of a buffoon, and that some sort of dignity marks him out.

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I watch this man as he sits there with his fellows, under this divine southern night so bewildered everywhere with stars. One wonders how he comes to have this easy force and separable poise. Is it the assurance of his own position physically among his fellows and the knowledge of the esteem in which he moves that bestows on him this easy superiority? Or is it that the Greeks were right in what they thought of the external and the unseen in men; does this same harmony of elements that we see about this beautiful body there find also some parallel within?

A cry comes through the restaurant, as loud as if it were the middle of the street.

"Cioé Mimi! Sigarett'! Mimi! Signori, viene Mimi!"

And a blind man, walking with a staff and led by a little girl, makes his way among the tables, tapping as he goes the tin box hanging at his side. He wears a straw hat with a wide brim turned up in front and smiles and moves his eyes eagerly about.

Mimi goes from group to group and people buy cigarettes, paying double for them as often as not. At one table there is a woman in black, a figure ample and luxurious in the manner of the Mediterranean, a beautiful pure Greek head, round skull, straight nose and perfect white brow. Her eyes are clear and dark, her teeth glitter when she laughs. She has long brilliant earrings and a mass of bracelets. With her there are two men and another girl, small, dressed in white, with the heavily blacked eyes of a cocotte and a cluster of flowers in her yellow hair.

"Mimi!" the blind man cries, "Viene Mimi!"

The woman with the Greek head calls Mimi to her side and beckons to the child leading him.

"Listen," she says to her companions, "he'll know my voice. You'll see. I've been away six months—in Viterbo —but Mimi'll know me by my voice. Mimi?"

"Si."

"Chi parla?"

Mimi comes up closer and begins to tremble with the excitement of the venture.

"Speak again, Signorina."

"Whose voice is this?"

Mimi pauses a moment,

"Teresina!"

"Do you see," the woman says, turning delightedly to her companions, "I told you so." And Mimi laughs happily.

She pats Mimi's arm and gives him a glass of wine. The men beside her play up to the moment and buy a pile of cigarettes and Mimi moves on. The carnation seller comes by with carnations, red and paler rose. The man on her right buys the whole armful and gives them to her.

They are playing Santa Lucia at the Bersagliera, and Ciro di Meglio is calling his oysters and sea-foods there, the best in the world he says. And under a blazing light Rafaele di Meglio, Ostricaro Trattoria Teresa Fusco stands near me as she presides over a dozen bowls of frutta di mare bedded in green mosses and sea weed, and sends a sailor about with oysters and shell fish and flat sprawling things.

Through the whole evening and in the midst of all this the music and the songs have gone on. At the other place a woman sings. Here the singers are men; there are more guitars also, and the violinist, who is blind, plays very well. After every four or five pieces the singer goes about among the guests with a plate and the musicians withdraw for a while behind the screen of palms and bamboo to count out the money and divide. Then they return and sing and play again. The music rises, the violin, the strumming guitars, the mandolins, the strange wild voices. Carmen, Napoli Punt' é Basta, Sole Mio, Fox-trot della Nostalgia, of homesickness, lively and sad at once, and then

Levasi dal mare un dolce canzon.

So far as I can tell nobody listens very particularly to the music. You applaud each number when it is over, and when the singer comes round you throw lire and half lire into the plate and even two soldi. But you seem to pay no attention at all, you chatter and eat and hum and do whatever pleases you. There is no solemnity, no swooning over art; there is nothing special about music. They are playing now that aria from Verdi.

But then neither do you grow solemn and special at the infinite stars out over the dark rustling bay, nor the lights glinting on the little masts riding at anchor near. Nor do you stop sacredly at every brave dish from Teresa's kitchen or wine from her store, nor at every smile that shines here, every lovely head. Nor do you heed every oleander, rose color and white, in those great jars that screen so carelessly the blaze and sound of the place next door. Tomorrow as everybody knows there will be oleanders and sun, the waves in the bay, wine, food and lovely faces, and plenty of music too, of course, if you like it.

STARK YOUNG.

At Night

One night I heard a small, weak voice,
Born into a silent, sleeping world:
Was it a new-born baby, or
A new-born lamb, a minute old?

But when I saw the sky was one
Big loaded orchard of bright lights,
I almost cried like that young child,
For Earth, and all her little mites.

The silence of those mighty heavens,
That infant's cry, so weak in power,
Made me half wish that Day had brought
Her sparrow with his common flower.

W. H. DAVIES.

Rogues

The nearer unto Nature's heart I moved,
In those sweet days of old, the more I loved:
The nearer to the heart of man I move,
As days and weeks go by, the less I love.
Where can I find a true and honest mind?
Men rob me, and my love is still unkind.

You cruel rogues, that come this day to borrow
A sum that's promised but not paid tomorrow;
That take like wasps the fruit that's on its way
Towards my mouth, and never fear my nay—
Go to that girl, and state your happy case,
How you can see more kindness in my face.
Go to her, rogues, and show her all the signs,
Where in my face a foolish angel shines.

W. H. DAVIES.

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CORRESPONDENCE

France and Her Legal Case

SIR: Let me touch briefly on a few of the errors and fallacies, as I see them, in Mr. Dreher's article, "Has France a Legal Case?"

It really takes a German state of mind to see any analogy between the situation of a defeated Germany in the Peace Treaty, and that of the thirteen states making a constitution—between a defeated criminal aggressor required by his victims and victors to provide restitution, reparations and security for future conduct, and thirteen equal sovereign states making a constitutional agreement, and to make that analogy the basis for an extra liberal interpretation of the Treaty in favor of Germany. Whenever before was a convicted criminal allowed to interpret his own sentence or the commutation of it, in terms most favorable to himself?

The Versailles Treaty calls for no strained interpretation. What is wanted is a common sense construction, based on the ordinary significance of words, on the analogies of the common law, on the precedents of international law and those furnished by Germany, and on the circumstances of the respective parties.

Article 248 makes the reparations claim a "first charge" upon all the assets and revenues of the German empire and its constituent states. And Mr. Dreher throws up his hands because he finds no remedy to enforce this most important provision.

"As a guarantee for the execution of the present Treaty by Germany" that is, pending the fulfillment of German promises, the Treaty gives the Allies the territory about the Rhineland (Article 428). It provides that default may be declared by a majority vote of the Reparations Committee (Sec. 17 Annex II, and Sec. 13, paragraph following (f), upon which declaration (Sec. 18 Annex II) the Reparations Committee is functus officio, and the measures which the Allied powers shall have the right to take may include economic and financial prohibitions and reprisals, and in general such other measures as the respective governments may determine," and Germany agrees not to regard any of these as acts of war.

Mr. Dreher is familiar with the law of mortgages. The mortgagor is usually allowed to retain possession until a default and Germany was allowed to hold most of her territory. But a mortgagor may mortgage as many tracts of land as there are constituent states in Germany, and he may, if the mortgagee agree, retain possession of them all until a default, or he may turn over possession of one tract, as was done here, for example, the property in New York, and while mortgaging others in the Western states, retain possession of these. But on any default the mortgagee would be free to enforce his remedy against all, and to proceed against those in the West, he would have to use force in the West.

If this "first charge" clause is not a complete mortgage or at least a covenant to give one, then it is but idle words. There are no receivers or sheriffs as yet in international law; they may eventually have to be invented to take care of just such cases as Germany. So France and Belgium, after the declared default under the Treaty, sent a peaceful delegation of engineers and others to impound and take possession of a part of the assets and revenues pledged to them. German resistance, government inspired, compelled the sending of troops. In military law troops take the place of sheriffs and receivers.

This is not the first occasion when France and Germany have dealt with one another over matters of this sort. When the "first charge" clause was drawn and the sweeping provisions of December 18, the Germans must have had in mind, and the French had only too good reason to remember, how the Germans themselves in 1871 interpreted a similar treaty. They told the French that if they should make any default, they (the Germans) would extend their occupation, take over the administration of the occupied provinces, mobilize 500,000 more troops, and even resume the war if they liked. Administration means levying taxes; levying taxes means constraining recalcitrant taxpayers and recalcitrant properties. So the precedents of international law will support our views, and the Germans have furnished these.

Mr. Dreher complains that the Reparations debt can only be collected by unanimous action of the creditors. He is mistaken. Even in common law where a trustee or certain creditors refuse, the others may sue alone. The treaty is explicit, however, in giving these measures including actual acts of war, if necessary, to the respective governments; that is, to each government by itself. It has been careful to use the word "unanimous" where unanimity was required and "respective" where separate action was allowed. And so firmly secured is this separate or several right, that in Sec. 22 of this same annex, the separate rights thus given to the respective governments may not be "amended away except by the unanimous decision of the governments respectively."

I must leave to Mr. Dreher such comfort as he can derive from the views of certain Finnish lawyers. Finland seems a long way to go for light on this subject, and the country too little experienced in international matters. I prefer the German precedents and interpretations.

In any case, we, the men in the street, do not need any lawyers to tell us what a miscarriage of justice it would be if the Versailles Treaty, after imposing this obligation on Germany for a part only of her misdeeds and making this a "first charge" on all her assets and revenues, were now found to be unenforceable by reason of Mr. Dreher's legalistic arguments. The claim is preposterous. Take Mr. Dreher's analogy of the United States government. Its powers are said to be limited to those expressed in the Constitution; nevertheless, it is given all implied powers necessary to the carrying out of those expressed, and in many cases we have seen implied powers, those inherent in sovereignty like the police power, override those that are expressed.

Can it be that the statesmen of the Allied nations would commit the ineptitude, of which Mr. Dreher in effect accuses them—of providing for a debt and ample security but no means of enforcing it, either through the implications of the Treaty or the provisions of Section 18, or the ample precedents set by the Germans in similar cases? CHARLES ROBINSON SMITH.

New York City.

SIR: I have read Mr. Smith's reply most carefully several times over, and I must confess that he has not shaken my argument at a single point; and I am perplexed for an answer to the question why he wrote it, beyond his burning wish to express his feelings. Certainly there is no valid legal argument in what he writes. He is impatient of lawyers, prefers a "common sense construction,'" and then damns my interpretation of the Treaty as "extra liberal."

To all this I reply that, though not a lawyer myself, I endeavored to give a strictly legal interpretation of the Treaty, which also happens to coincide with the common sense of the English language. It is certainly a misuse of words to apply the term "liberal" to the strictest possible interpretation of legal language, (though I do not object to having it attached to me in its general application). A liberal interpretation of language is equivalent to a loose or wide interpretation, such as is demanded by Mr. Smith, in his desire to escape from the plain meaning of the Versailles Treaty. He is himself exceedingly "liberal" in trying to run away from its binding stipulations.

I thank Mr. Smith for bringing up the analogy of mortgages. He asserts in effect that the Allied Governments took a mortgage on all German territory, and that the invasion of the Ruhr was in the nature of a foreclosure. They did nothing of the kind. They took a mortgage on the portion west of the Rhine (including bridge-heads), and they took it "as a guarantee for the execution of the Treaty." This does not, cannot mean one of several guarantees, else they would have written "as one guarantee." The French version appears here more explicit even than the English: "à titre de garantie," which can be rendered "by way of guarantee." This language clearly means that the treaty-makers regarded the west bank of the Rhine as an adequate guarantee.

But that conclusion does not rest solely upon the wording of Article 428. The efforts of the French at Paris to extend

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the mortgage to other German territory, especially to the Ruhr basin, are described and documented in Mr. Baker's book. Loucheur, in his report of Feb. 7, 1919, suggested its occupation if Germany failed to disarm; but his suggestion was disregarded, Clemenceau himself having failed to support it. Later on, however, when in June it seemed doubtful whether the Germans would sign, Clemenceau took it up again and tried to have it adopted, but the other powers rejected it.

Thus what the French tried without success to have put into the Treaty is in it all the same, according to Mr. Robinson Smith—and his "common sense" interpretation. But I wonder whether he is aware of the full significance of his contention that the right of the French to occupy the Ruhr is involved in the words "and in general such other measures as the respective governments may determine." For the treaty does not mention that territory in any form, and certainly does not give it a legal status different from all other German territory. If therefore the French are justified under this vague stipulation in occupying the Ruhr they would be equally justified in occupying all Germany. Then we should have this remarkable result: the treaty-makers in Sec. 18 Annex II provided for occupying all Germany at their pleasure, yet in Article 428 they strictly delimited the territory to be occupied,—which would make them look like fools. Perhaps that is why Mr. Smith regards their work with such satisfaction. Perhaps he would also assign some ground why they gave a cryptic form to this indefinite right of occupation, and why they did not write "all Germany" in Article 428.

Mr. Smith also refers to Bismarck's threat to extend the German occupation in France as full justification for France's action now. Again I say: "I thank thee for that word;" for the Germans, in the Treaty of Frankfort, laid down no such definite stipulations as to occupied territory as are found in the Versailles document. The only delimitation in the Frankfort Treaty is this: "The German troops, for their security, shall have at their disposal the neutral zone between the German line of demarcation and the Paris enclosure on the right bank of the Seine." Where that line of demarcation was to be is nowhere stipulated.

But I ask Mr. Smith: Do you regard a threat as equivalent to an act? Does a threat create a precedent for an act; and is a German threat as bad as a French act?

I need not reply to Mr. Smith's personal pinches, like alleging my "German state of mind." That is only his way of expressing his impatience of downright argumentation, his dislike of lawyers; and in so far I take pride in being different from Mr. Smith.

WILLIAM C. DREHER.

Amherst, Mass.

The Teaching of Economics

SIR: In your issue of August 22, Mr. Henry W. Cowper contrasts the teaching of economics in England and the United States. His conclusion—that "in America instruction in economics is freer from capitalistic apologetics than in England"—may or may not be sound. But his specific statements are, for the most part, incorrect. For example: "Twenty years ago a system of dialectic which imputed design and goodness to the existing industrial order was universal in both countries." Even Veblen, whose views that statement echoes, would hardly make his indictment so sweeping. In fact the statement is hardly better than nonsense. And, "that system, clearly apparent behind all its recent patches, is the gospel of the Cambridge school." Now the most influential active members of the Cambridge school are Professor A. C. Pigou and Mr. J. M. Keynes. With Mr. Keynes's general attitude the readers of the New Republic are familiar. Professor Pigou's preface to his book, The Economics of Welfare, has these words: "The complicated analyses which economists endeavour to carry through are not mere gymnastics. They are instruments for the bettering of human life. The misery and squalor that surround us, the dying fire of hope in many millions of European homes, the injurious luxury of some wealthy families, the terrible uncertainty overshadowing many families of the poor—these are evils too plain to be ignored. By the knowledge that our science seeks it is possible that they may be restrained." "Design and goodness?"

ALLYN A. YOUNG.

Cambridge, Massachusetts.

A Legal or Moral Obligation?

SIR: Evidently Mr. Dwight W. Morrow does not agree with The New Republic's conception of responsibility to the public on the part of the trustees of a public institution like Amherst, as set forth in your open letter to him of July 25. Or, perhaps, Mr. Morrow's silence is based on the assumption that if he and his fellow-trustees will only lie low for a little while, the storm raised by the Meiklejohn affair will blow over. Meanwhile the whisperings against Dr. Meiklejohn continue, in private justification of the trustees. The most widespread charge is the one that would shrivel up most upon public exposure. It relates to President Meikeljohn's private finances—apparently he couldn't make ends meet on his salary, and for several years some of the trustees made up a purse for him. All that came to an end two years ago. Yet talk is going the rounds, and allowed to be circulated, about a great spiritual leader as though he had seriously offended. On this aspect of the Meiklejohn case Emerson has given us the true measure of values:

> One man thinks justice consists in paying debts, and has no measure in his abhorrence of another who is very remiss in this duty, and makes the creditor wait tediously. But that second man has his own way of looking at things; asks himself which debt must I pay first, the debt to the rich, or the debt to the poor? The debt of money, or the debt of thought to mankind, of genius to nature? For you, o broker! there is no other principle but arithmetic. For me, commerce is of trivial import; love, faith, truth of character, the aspiration of man, these are sacred.

Boston.

FELIX FRANKFURTER.

College Trustees

SIR: Your editorial in the issue of July 11th respecting our suggestion that college trustees need an organization was evidently based upon somebody else's misrepresentation of our release rather than upon the release itself. There is not a syllable in our release that justifies your reference to a Magna Charta "which would bring trustees to their proper high place in the estimate of the community." On the contrary, the release states specifically and constructively the very position which you state negatively and unconstructively. We ask for open-eyed trustees who know the best that is going on in education. Surely you do not believe that we have such trustees or that we are ever going to have them by continuing the method of the past.

WILLIAM H. ALLEN.

Institute for Public Service,
New York City.

The Teaching of Literature

SIR: To one who has endeavored for years to teach literature, it is a bit disconcerting to learn from your editorial of August 8 that this is an impossibility. What is one to do about it? The natural thing is not to confess an error. Even the framers of the Treaty of Versailles have not yet done that. It is more agreeable to contest your pronouncement.

Your dictum is that "literature in its highest function cannot be taught." This might seem too vague for argument, but you elaborate: "All that teaching can accomplish toward making literature a part of life is to open the field by means of historical identification, bibliographies, literary geographies, and the like, and arouse an interest which will make the phenomena of literature a subject of attention. The pedagogical problem is to stimulate this interest, to raise it to a point where contemplation becomes active and passionate." To say this much is virtually to annul the assertion that literature in its highest function cannot be taught, but one is at times hard to please, and I venture to take exception to your elaboration of a definition of instruction as applied to literature on two grounds. First, it omits what is perhaps the chief detail to be included: the actual induction of the student into the comprehension of specific masterpieces. Secondly, the same elaboration would apply equally to the definition of instruction in any other subject in the whole curriculum.

Surely it is unnecessary to discuss the vital function of the introduction of the student to thorough intellectual familiarity with great masterpieces. What bearing this has upon the ques-

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tion, Can one teach literature in its highest function? may appear later. But compare instruction in any other subject. Given a class entering upon the study of history, physics, analytical geometry, can the instructor teach one of these subjects more truly than he can teach the tragedy of Hamlet? In each instance he may first guide the student into the acquisition of an intellectual understanding of the thing immediately before his eyes and the acquisition of information which must be associated with it for its full comprehension. The student then *understands* the problems in triangles, the campaign of Napoleon, the theory of light, the interest in the subject or any emotional response to it. Not by instruction will a boy be put on the road to become a physicist, a mathematician, a historian, any more than to become a dramatist or dramatic critic.

But just this limitation on the function of instruction renders a teacher in literature more vitally important than a teacher in science. Important as is interest to any right study of science, and obvious as is the duty of one who "teaches" science to awaken this interest, still the necessity for interest in the study of literature is still more imperative, and the function of the teacher to awaken this interest even more pressing. Science sufficient at least for ordinary needs may be acquired without vital interest. But literature, like ethics or religion, apart from an emotional response, serves no purpose whatever—indeed, for that student literature does not exist at all. Books, yes, but not literature. To teach literature is to awaken enthusiasm for the best that has been written and to cultivate a critical judgment as a guide to this awakened enthusiasm. Beside this vital "teaching," the instructor must regard as a mere adjunct—though highly important—the acquisition by his students of a large store of ordered knowledge about authors, schools, ages, forms and other what not.

I trust I am not splitting hairs. I would venture to assert that the one sort of thing which can really be taught is the sort to which literature in its highest function belongs. Very few students are so low in the moral scale as to imitate their teacher's expressions of enthusiasm, but innumerable students catch by a subtle contagion—not impossible of analysis into sound pedagogical principles—the teacher's honest thought and feeling. A large proportion of all who enter into the kingdom of art have taken the key from the hand of a teacher. Most often, perhaps, this occurs before they enter college, for colleges are not always on the main road to the kingdom. Not infrequently the boy from the preparatory school or high school finds the warm light fading to a dull gray, or merely brilliant and electric, in the college class-room. Such a boy has fallen into the hands of a professor—a doctor of philosophy, no doubt—who thinks that literature cannot be taught.

OLIN D. WANNAMAKER.

New York City.

SIR: May I disagree heartily with your editorial on the teaching of literature? You properly compare literature to architecture. Then you say, "But to bring even one student to create a beautiful building . . . that is a result beyond the power of pedagogy." And later, "all that teaching can accomplish . . . is to open the field . . . and arouse an interest . . ."

Nonsense! Good pedagogy applied to good students will certainly produce a fair proportion of beautiful buildings, beautiful paintings, beautiful music, and beautiful literature. Unfortunately teachers of literature content themselves with opening the field and arousing interest; their sole present aim is "to elicit by imitation the expression of a pseudo-romantic fervor." The best teachers differ from the lowest merely in being much more charming raconteurs, more delightful gossips, more detailed geographers, more fervent preachers.

Imagine a student of music simply listening to melodies for ten years and then acquiring a Mus. D.! Imagine an art student doing nothing but looking at more numerous and less significant pictures in different groupings year after year! Imagine a student in mathematics having his emotions stimulated by perennial lectures on the lives of great (and often wicked) mathematicians, on the origins of various styles in mathematics, or on mathematics as an expression of an age or of a race!

It is because teachers of literature aim no higher than a "pseudo-romantic fervor" that classes in literature are inhabited chiefly by effeminate emotionalists of both sexes, who find lectures on literature more numerous and more thrilling than Sunday sermons and Wednesday matinees. No wonder the scientists smile at English research! The intelligent students in college are leaving the field of literature, and the intelligent workers in literature are keeping out of the colleges.

The teaching of literature has become a disgraceful farce; the study of literature is now merely a life-long series of approaches. We need no new "mode of approach" sufficiently easy to attract new herds of imbeciles. We need some actual study of literature, some actual use of its materials, some actual production of its beauties, under the intelligent guidance of those who call themselves teachers.

W. L. WERNER.

New York City.

[We are so much in agreement with these correspondents that we regret their disagreement with us. Any one who reads our article will see that this disagreement is a matter of emphasis, or of definition. We accept Mr. Werner's last sentence quite literally as expressing the relation between the study of literature and the teaching of it.—EDITORS.]

"Vacant Lots and Easy Marks"

SIR: Mr. Arner's article contained in a recent number of The New Republic entitled "Vacant Lots and Easy Marks" is one well calculated to give food for thought. At first blush the experiences there recited seem to demolish the whole unearned increment theory, on the basis of which fortunes made in landholding have been so often attacked as unjust enrichment. But on closer examination of the subject, that suggestion disappears, for the auction sales of lots are not to be classified as *normal, regular, legitimate land development, but belong to that* class of merchandizing of which the distribution of mining and oil shares are leading illustrations and of which many examples are to be found in the placing of industrials and even some in the marketing of goods or ordinary merchandise. Probably the nearest parallel to the building lot craze is the exploitation of the public through the dissemination of oil and mining shares. In either case the vendor undertakes not merely to sell what *he* has but the value that the purchaser expects to attain—in other words the future of the property, which to realize requires that the vendee shall put something into the property or pray for someone else to contribute, either by taking it off his hands or by developing the neighborhood.

The vendor must, in order to succeed with his promotion—whether it be land, oil or minerals—get back not merely what the proposition stands him in accumulated taxes and carrying charges, but the expenses to which he is put in interesting his public. Thus cost is supplemented by advertising expense, brokerage and that of the expert manipulation of sales, with profit superadded. Mr. Arner presents an analysis of the vendee's investment after waiting eight years for that unearned increment which was discounted and taken from him when he paid his original price. It would be interesting to secure tables showing the actual value of the farm property before it was subdivided into building lots, what were the carrying charges over income capitalized for the purposes of the sale and finally what percentage of the proceeds of sale went to vendor and what to promoter, and of the latter, how much represents out-of-pocket expense for printing, postage and advertising, and on advertising what part was commissions and other "service" charges.

The analogy to mining and oil ventures is very close. In both cases we have farm land or poorer from a productive point of view. In the oil and mining schemes by a stroke of the pen and some preliminary prospecting in the neighborhood unproductive real estate becomes corporate oil or mining property. In the realtor scheme by means of the printing press and some superficial research work into the history of landholding broadcasting the fabulous profits made by successful real estate operators, property that has ceased to be adapted to truck gardening and perhaps cannot be held much longer because of arrears of taxes and expected assessments for improvements too long deferred, becomes city lots. In either case the public carries the buck—the buck in real estate being loss of interest on the investment, interest on mortgage, taxes, assessments for street openings, sewers, curbing regulating and grading and many other things that the vendor has staved off for years.

BENJAMIN TUSKA.

New York City.

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Tennyson Rescued

Tennyson, by Harold Nicolson. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. $4.00.

MR. NICOLSON has made an important and a fascinating contribution to the new literary species of interpretative biography. It is important because it deals with one of the great epochal figures of English poetry. Not Chaucer in the thirteenth century, nor Spenser in the sixteenth, nor Milton in the seventeenth, nor Pope in the eighteenth, was more typical of his age than Tennyson in the nineteenth. It is fascinating because Mr. Nicolson finds in his subject a mystery as compelling as Hamlet's. It has long been a commonplace to set Tennyson and Browning over against each other, the one representing the fair, broad, sunlighted spaces of the Victorian age, the other its hinterland of broken country with precipices and chasms, dangerous places of shadow and mystery. The rapid increase of Browning's fame and the discounting of Tennyson's reputation in these later years were due to the fact that Tennyson was so easily traversed as to become the Rhine of literary tourists, while Browning offered the charm of the tortuous and inaccessible—broken trails and a frequent mauvais pas. The contrast between the homage paid to Tennyson in his own day, which came to be an etiquette as precise as that which surrounds royalty, and the humorous indifference which he receives in ours is an example of a recurring phenomenon in the history of literature. What is needed to rehabilitate Tennyson is to arouse interest in him as a case, a problem, an extraordinary example of what the Greeks would have regarded as the dealings of the gods with a mortal, or, as we should say, the relations between a soul and its environment. Tennyson is neither profound in thought nor obscure in expression; but the human and social complex out of which that thought and expression issued—that is another matter. Acute critics before Mr. Nicolson have noted this. Mr. Santayana long ago marked Tennyson and not Browning as the riddle of the nineteenth century. Professor Lounsbury, to whom Mr. Nicolson accords the honor which he deserves, had disposed of the theory that Tennyson was the victim of his critics in a purely literary vendetta. Now Mr. Nicolson arrives to state the problem as one of Tennyson's relation to his ancestors, and family, and friends (as well as to his critics), to his national inheritance of education and religion and politics, to his publishers and his public and his Queen—above all his relation to himself. Here Mr. Nicolson plucks out the heart of the mystery. As in Mr. Van Wyck Brooks's Ordeal of Mark Twain, to which the present study may be compared, the tragedy lies in the contrast between what Tennyson was, and in his own soul knew himself to be, and that grandiose mythology to which he lent himself with such dignity and condescension, and in which he played so great a part.

Mr. Nicolson does not use the stale device of comparison between Tennyson and Browning. He mentions the latter only to dismiss the problem of his cross breeding with a "possibly Mulatto." For the origin of Tennyson's un-English physique, he has two interesting hypotheses—Semitic, and gipsy. The latter "would explain not only the Tennyson physique, but also the rancor and the self-pity; the lonely walks at night time; the wistfulness and the gloom; the obsession of wide, wet, twilight spaces; the indifference to cold. It would explain much of what is best and most permanent in Tennyson's lyrical genius." Mr. Nicolson pictures Tennyson's boyhood in Somersby rectory, where the diminutive house and gardens suggest the problem of bestowing "the actual physical bulk" of the occupants—eleven children with parents, aunts, servants and a governess. We follow Alfred at Cambridge, with his brothers, Arthur Hallam, and the Apostles, already the object of hero worship; through his years of suburban bohemianism, darkened by the death of Hallam, and the malice of Blackwoods and the Quarterly, and lightened by the sun of his soul, Carlyle, to the triple triumph of 1850, domestic, literary and social, in his marriage, In Memoriam and the Laureateship. Mr. Nicolson does not place great emphasis on Tennyson's personal relations. Even that with Arthur Hallam he obviously thinks overestimated by most critics, as by the poet himself. It is the great Victorian public which is the adversary and the nemesis in Tennyson's drama—that public so eager for rest and peace amid the ravaging social and intellectual storms of democracy and science, so hopeful of compromise and general good will, so passionate in admiration of the men who could tell it acceptably what it wanted to hear. It was the public which made Tennyson turn from "pure" to "applied poetry," which made him a prophet and teacher after the order of Carlyle, and gave him forty years of unparallelled ascendancy, during which English poetry stood fixed as Joshua's sun at Ajalon.

And Tennyson himself? Mr. Nicolson interprets him in the light of his revelatory poems, particularly the remarkable Supposed Confessions of a Second-rate Sensitive Mind not at Unity with Itself. Here more distinctly than in the gloomy passages of In Memoriam or The Two Voices we have the struggle of a sick faith with cankering doubt:

> Oh weary life! Oh weary death!
> Oh spirit and heart made desolate!
> Oh damned vacillating state.

It is a note of Mr. Nicolson's own sensitiveness that he should recognize this as "a fine poem, written with that sinister twilight effect of which Tennyson was so supreme a master, an effect of the tempter whispering in the dusk." For in Mr. Nicolson's theory, "the essential inspiration of Tennyson was the inspiration of fear." "He was afraid of death, and sex, and God. And in all these matters he endeavored instinctively to sublimate his terrors by enunciating the beliefs which he would desire to feel, by dwelling upon the solutions by which he would like to be convinced." Mr. Nicolson eschews the Freudian terminology, but it is clear that in Tennyson's faith we have a case of wish fulfillment; and further in his enunciation of that faith we have an example of compensation by admiration. It was not enough that Tennyson should combat his fears in secret. He must rally others to fight in that war. So we have the spectacle of all England and the literate part of America fighting Tennyson's fears. When the banner of a blameless life seemed to fall from its broken staff in Enoch Arden the Queen herself snatched the silken scarf, and leaning far out o'er the window sill to her loyal subject, she shook it forth with a royal will. And they were all such willing recruits because, after all, Tennyson's fears were their fears, and he was their champion.

Fear is the worst possible inspiration for a thinker, a teacher—and Tennyson, if he was capable of thought at times, was a bad teacher. It may be, on the other hand, the

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inspiration of great lyric poetry. Mr. Nicolson is not the first critic to discover that Tennyson was deficient in intellectual power or that he was primarily great as a lyric poet, but he is the first, we believe, to emphasize one great emotion behind Tennyson's lyric cry.

> Although he flinched alike before the flame of passion and the cold nakedness of truth, yet there are sudden panting moments when the frightened soul of the man cries out to one like some wild animal caught in the fens at night time—moments when he lies moaning in the half light in an agony of fear.

Other sources of feeling Tennyson had; some he had not. The Victorians, and he with them, "were often indifferent and even blind to the intrinsic reality of emotion." But of the reality of one overmastering feeling there can be no doubt. Tennyson is the triumphant poet of fear.

Of other aspects of Tennyson's work, of his feeling for nature and literature, and his mastery of the art of verse, Mr. Nicolson gives ample analysis and illustration. If there is over-emphasis upon his special thesis it is to be justified on the ground that Tennyson's case is so nearly desperate as to call for oxygen. There is another mode of treatment for Tennyson's sick reputation, however, which Mr. Nicolson himself suggests, and which I wish he would adopt as a sort of after-cure, that is an anthology "including only such poems as can appeal directly to the literary taste of today." If Matthew Arnold found that a condition of Wordsworth's survival was to separate his poems which embodied feeling in a true and permanent form from the mass of his didactic verse, a similar discovery may soon be made in regard to Tennyson. As Matthew Arnold's intervention did much to rescue the great poet in Wordsworth from submergence, unquestionably a similar intervention in Tennyson's behalf will have a like effect. One of the things Tennyson was afraid of was neglect and obscurity. Mr. Nicolson should crown his discovery of Tennyson's fear by showing that in this respect it was vain.

ROBERT MORSS LOVETT.

From Four Countries

The Village, by Ivan Bunin, translated by Isabel F. Hapgood. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. $2.50.

BUNIN tells us in an autobiographical note prefixed to The Village that he "conceived The Gentleman from San Francisco only a few months before the War, when I had a presentiment of all its horror, and of the abysses which have since been laid bare in our present-day civilization." He published The Village in 1911. I should not have been able to guess that the two stories were by the same hand. In The Gentleman from San Francisco Bunin seemed to me to be playing, with ferocity, an artistic game: How heavy a load of ugliness can I add to the ugliness I have seen without making what I have seen any uglier than it is as I see it? Nothing of the kind is detectable in The Village. Certain things in the Russian life Bunin shows us are ugly enough, God knows. There is stupid cruelty in abundance, poverty, ignorance, misery, there is dung everywhere and stenches, there are winter days of clouded skies low above endless gray snow. But there is no intention to load the picture with ugliness. There seems to be no intention except that of taking an exact likeness. Once more we are face to face with the paradox so many Russian writers force us to take account of: the more highly colored the temperament through which we are looking, the less obstructed our view. Bunin is not content in The Village with his own temperament as a medium. First he shows us the village as it looks to a harsh besotted moneymaker, Tikhon Ilitch; then we see the village as it looks to Kuzma, Tikhon Ilitch's roving, musing, shiftless brother. The two pictures are quite different, they are not crudely complementary, and yet they are unmistakably pictures of the same place, the same life. Both are true, they are one picture. The other men and women, no matter through which pair of eyes we are looking at them, are always themselves, stand always on their own legs, walk about in the same solid world, which we can touch and taste and smell. It is an unwashed, superstitious, brooding world, in which there is curious meditation, long patience, revolt and despair. But Bunin does not despair, for he seems never to have been acquainted with hope. Nor do I despair while I read, although being an American I live on hopes I haven't earned. I wonder why I don't? Perhaps because there is the unfamiliar exhilarating Russian abundance of poor lives being lived by rich souls. Perhaps because of the immense energy of Bunin himself, who cannot describe a sick horse in its stall without biting the picture into one's memory. Perhaps because some of his peasants have such amazing newness, like the Bride who hardly speaks, who pervades the book, who adds so mysteriously to its dimensions, who is so mysteriously fresh from her creator's hand. But what's the use of going on? Nobody but an idiot would think he could do a short review of Bunin. Or possibly an aviator who knew how to write "Read The Village" in letters of smoke on the sky.

The Riddle and Other Tales, by Walter de la Mare. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. $2.50.

WHETHER they've all appeared before in magazines I don't know, but here they are at last in a volume, these stories that many readers have longed to have in this form, a book to travel and to stay at home with, to read by the fireside or in some windless corner out of doors. Sometimes Mr. de la Mare begins by placing us in this world, and then beckons us little by little into another world in whose different strangeness he is quite as much at home. Sometimes the transition is swift and smooth from one world to the other, as in the Riddle itself; and once in a while, as in the Count's Courtship, we discover that this world can be as strange as any, that a scruple which seems at first unaccountable may have more mystery than ever after he has made us see it as a natural fruit of insight. Not to the speech of wild animals have the ears of this modern Melampus been opened, but to the speech of houses, old rooms, folds in the hills, times of day, forgotten gardens. They tell him their secrets. And what a language they speak, a language of colors toned down and far away bells: "We were skirting the eastern coast of cliffs, to the very edge of which a ploughman, stumbling along behind his two great horses, was driving the last of his dark furrows. In a cleft far down between the rocks a cold and idle sea was soundlessly laying its frigid garlands of foam." What Mr. de la Mare says of the story Ann was reading is true of many stories in this book: "And the gently-flowing moonlight of the narrative seemed to illumine the white pages."

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Comedies of Words and Other Plays, by Arthur Schnitzler. Englished from the German by Pierre Loving. Cincinnati: Stewart Kidd Company. $2.50.

IF some one who had read no Schnitzler were to ask me where to begin, I should answer: Anywhere, except with Der Weg ins Freie or Der Schleier der Beatrice, of which the German is rather difficult; Das Weite Land, which is Schnitzler run to seed; or Der Junge Medardus, which isn't Schnitzler at all. Perhaps the best approach for most readers is by way of the short stories or the one-act plays, by way of this book, for example, if the reader cannot manage German. Mr. Loving's translations, first published six years ago, and now reprinted for the third time, are of two early one-acters, Literature and His Helpmate, and of three later ones, which Schnitzler published in 1915. Taken together they bring one acquaintance both with the variety of Schnitzler's mood and observation, and also with the persistence of his dream. You might call all his plays and stories a dream of modern women, and the few women you meet here are ultra-modern. Disturbing is a word we are all pretty sick of, yet what else can you call these women of Schnitzler's, while his slanted light is revealing one plane after another in the landscape of their souls? The revelation is almost never complete: something is almost always left shadowy. Long ago I gave up trying to discover whether Schnitzler's hand is lighter when he is amusing, as in Literature, profound, as in His Helpmate, or both, as in The Festival of Bacchus. Of one thing, however, I feel quite certain, than nobody as rich as he is in second intentions ever had a lighter touch. I am sorry to say that this lightness is not apparent through Mr. Loving's English, which at its best is just passable. If I had to give him a mark as a translator I should hesitate between C minus and D plus.

Ellen et Jean, by Gaston Riou. Paris: Bernard Grasset. 6 francs 75.

CONVALESCENT dogmatists, if this should meet the eyes of, are warned to keep one hundred percent away from Ellen et Jean. They will relapse if they read it. They will deafen M. Gaston Riou with their cries of don't, don't, don't. Liking the less dogmatic way better, I'll convert a few of my don'ts into questions. Why has M. Riou given Jean Vaucanson an intolerable wife, called the woman he falls in love with an American, made her a widow? Why is she a graduate of Bryn Mawr? Why is her health so uncertain? This specificness is all wasted: no part of it counts. If M. Riou's heroine had been a robust Peruvian, a spinster and convent-bred, these changes would have made no difference to any mortal except M. Riou. The genuine love of France which burns bright in this novel would have burned brighter in a pamphlet.

J. K. SINGLETON.

Norman Angell on the Press

The Press and the Organization of Society, by Norman Angell. London: The Labour Publishing Company, Ltd. 3 s. 6 d.

EVEN though Mr. Angell had addressed this extraordinarily clear and sensible little book to a British audience of labor sympathies, a very great part of it applies fully as well to the press in this country, and should be listened to by all Americans who care whether the future of free ideas and free discussion is to sink or swim.

Free public discussion: how our ancestors longed for it, how much they hoped from it, as from some vague future sun which, once arisen, would cast over the land rays of warming liberty. And now we have got it, more or less. What of it?

> It is one of the disillusionments of a purely political democracy [says Mr. Angell] that the "Free Press"—the unfettered and abundant production of cheap newspapers to which our grandfathers looked as the means of popular freedom and enlightenment—has become one of the worst obstacles to the development of a capacity for real self government, perhaps the worst of all menaces to modern democracy. The institution which the older order most feared as the instrument of revolution has, in fact, become the main instrument by which any real movement towards a new social order is resisted.

Sentences which should be rubbed mercilessly into the mind of every beginning newspaperman and written in brass over the doors of the schools of journalism. It seems strange now, with all we know—and how little it is—about human nature that those far-sighted and upright ancestors thought they were bringing into the world the agent and messenger of light; and we who live with it can easily see how inevitably this lamb of liberty grew up into a great sulphur colored octopus holding nearly every mind in its grasp, and pouring out ceaselessly its "poison of limitless small daily lies."

Mr. Angell, who suffered from it about as much as any honest and fearless man during the war, keenly understands the press, and is not even tempted to try to find, behind the press, mysterious satanic figures manipulating it to their profit. On this point he takes direct issue with Mr. Upton Sinclair, in moderate but conclusive terms. The press, to him, is by no means a conscious tool of the old order seeking self-preservation. It is a much more complicated organism than that. It is, in fact, a separate organism feeding on the life around it and not a tool at all. "Are we to assume," he asks, "that the Harmsworths rampaged for the Transvaal because they owned South African mines, or for the German war because they owned Alsatian property? There is a much simpler explanation. The gold mine of Lord Northcliffe was nearer home. It was in the expanded circulation of the Daily Mail and Evening News, which the sensationalism of the Boer War facilitated. . . . As a matter of simple work-a-day fact, the real preoccupation of the editor is the mind of his reader, and very rarely the question as to whether the paper's policy is pleasing this or that interest."

There isn't any doubt that in this country the press is much more subservient to what, for a lack of better understanding of them, are called the "interests," than in England, and Mr. Angell admits this. Nevertheless, it seems to me, he is right and Upton Sinclair is wrong. An explanation founded upon the wickedness of a few people is much more acceptable, to many minds, than one founded on a recognition of the stupidity of most of us. The newspaper is our stupidity, curiosity, prejudice, our love for scandal, gossip, sideshows and exciting stories about bloody accidents sucked out of us and made visible in print. The newspaper's business is to guess at the most satisfactory food for these tastes and curiosities, and feed it to them. The consumption is so enormous that the large newspapers are as bulky and valuable as most businesses. In fact they have become capitalistic enterprises quite separate from and on an equal footing with other capitalistic enterprises, and the people who run them are not tools, or henchmen,

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but as often as not "conscientious business men in charge of valuable properties." Mr. Angell's argument to this effect is unanswerable, and he makes it with singular clarity and force, because, as it seems to him, the existence of the press as "a great capitalistic interest . . . compelled for the purposes of profit to exploit human weaknesses in a certain way" is an all-important consideration for anyone who would reform it and the society which it is choking like a poisonous vine.

Mr. Angell thinks, if not explicitly of the time when British Labor will form a government, and when one of its first problems will be dealing with a hostile press. It is, perhaps, with this in mind that he insists throughout the book so energetically upon the vital necessity, and the enormous difficulty, of ensuring really free discussion. The human mind is extremely fallible, he reminds us, and must have hostile criticism and contradictory discussion, but "the natural man hates freedom of discussion," that "freedom of others to utter opinions with which we do not agree . . . the listening to opinions that seem to us wrong, mischievous, dangerous and immoral which is an extremely unpleasant and difficult social discipline . . . which offends some of our deepest instincts, but which is indispensable for the forming of an adequate social intelligence." He will not let us forget that "our feelings are strongest over the things of which we have the least intellectual grasp." Accordingly he is firmly against any control of the press which would, in the event a new party came into power, far from liberating it, merely transfer it from the owners of one set of social opinions to those of another.

Supposing labor came into power, what would it do to this most formidable of its capitalistic enemies? Mr. Angell has a number of suggestions. Some concern the slow building up of a labor press. Others look forward to a gradual elimination of the poisons in the present newspaper system. In regard to the latter he proposes changes in the libel law, and some sort of "Truthful Press" act, but most of all he relies on Mr. Walter Lippmann's proposal that journalism be required to achieve the professional standards and status of, say, the law. We know that, perhaps mostly because of its youth, the newspaper business is in a grossly exploiting stage which makes it about as far from a proud and honorable profession as may be. In the newspaper "game" there are practically no laws of evidence, and the reporter or editor can give evidence just as he likes, hastily and carelessly, with no fear of his perjury coming home to him, in matters which may in the long run affect the lives, not of one defendant, but of millions of people. When journalism has reached the standards and the respect for facts achieved by science and law, the "problem" of the press will largely have disappeared.

In his chapter on "How the Workers Might Capture the Press" Mr. Angell points out that the five or six million British workers can have a press of their own as soon as they solemnly vow and agree to "buy the Labor Daily first." A small act of daily self-discipline will do the trick. It sounds so simple, and Mr. Angell thinks it is easy, though he admits it will not easily be done. Why does he pin even the small amount of faith he does on this "one small daily act of discipline?" People buy newspapers because they are interesting; to make them buy on any other basis is to build on sand. The "small act of discipline" is inhumanly difficult; it is easy to induce a streetful of men to get shot for a flag, but who in the world can make those same men brush their teeth every day? Perhaps they might brush them with candy. A newspaper must make sure of the candy first. Begin, not with the sworn loyalty of millions, but with Mutt and Jeff, and the millions will buy of their own accord. A good sporting page is worth more to any newspaper than tons of truth. A labor paper which rates truth too high, higher than baseball or cricket, will soon learn that the only kind of truth ever likely to make people free is the kind they can read through without yawning.

ROBERT LITTELL.

Roman Pictures

Roman Pictures, by Percy Lubbock. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $3.00.

AN English youth of twenty—or the vista of him down the stretch of years that have passed—after days of drifting through the ways of Rome, moving in a great bubble of the imagination that he had never known before in all his days, full of a power and freedom that a rather lean young soul, ignorantly aspiring, may enter into and take possession of unconsciously—in Rome, that is—meets by the Fontana delle Tartarughe an old acquaintance, Deering. And Deering counters the voluble greeting with a brilliant smile, and deals with him on no merely insular or undergraduate terms; Deering will show him the life of Rome, what it really means to live in the real Rome. With that he leads the youth off to a café in the Via Nazionale and an artistic circle there, and next day to a special place for the Pope's ceremony at St. Peter's. This occasion in turn leads to an invitation and that to another invitation, and so to fifteen chapters of visits, acquaintances and observations. All these persons whom the young man meets are such as choose, one way or another, to regard themselves as Romans of the Romans; all of them are types of foreigners drawn into the shadow of that imperial and timeless place. And so Mr. Lubbock staves off the banalities of travel books and the heart throbs of the novel, and contrives out of such people and places as these to evince his kind of literary critical talent and his creative bent toward characters.

The story of Roman Pictures, which is a search for the life of the Rome of the Romans, meaning of course the search for the youth's own life in terms of Rome, has a mild and dreaming thread, a wavering, arbitrary, somewhat crotchety, a what in sum I should call English, line. The end sought is itself vague, and the account of it remains vague; it begins with a poignant irony and arrives at an irony more droll and sophisticated, and that is all.

But the people in those streets and gardens and palaces and salons and ancient villas are charmingly done, seen delicately, wistfully and knowingly all at the same time. The two sisters living in the old palace above the housetops with the odious brother, the hat in the sink and above the sink the cracked mirror; Madame de Shuvaloff, one of those creatures who occupy a large amount of room for their size, pouncing into her disquisition, in French, on modern painting, her counsels on modern revolution, rooted in a philosophy which she explains in German, her whimsical images in Italian, her certainty, in other tongues, that the black misery of a woman's life will flush into pink, will whiten to snow of pure delight, if she breaks through the bonds of earthly thought, aesthetic imprisonment, and so on into further and less quotable reaches of

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her argument, while Mimi, her little girl, who understands that she is always to look inattentive at such junctures, hurls herself at the dish of fritto misto; Miss Gilpin, the authoress, living daintily on small means in Italy because she loves the dear villagers and the white oxen; the learned Professor thrilling himself through the Forum with his exponent Julia of Assisi, fresh from the heart of things Franciscan, and painfully struck by the heartlessness of Rome, who at first in the grandeur and pride of the Seven Hills said to herself that it wasn't Assisi—a weak phrase, though she had soon found the right expression, a want of heart; Mr. Vickery the painter, white-haired, surviving in our thin and acid air from earlier romantic days, talking idealities from the luxurious installation of his studio, while his dry little wife arranged deliveries and entered the receipts in her ledger; and finally the English Marchesa, in the midst of her solemn and tattered palace mildly boiling her kettle over a spirit lamp, carrying alone in her widowhood her prodigious name, her responsibility, her sense of duty, her unassuming inefficiency, and the too much history on her hands—all these characters are done with a peculiar, shy brilliance and humor. Meantime, outside, the rumor of Rome is waiting.

It is this waiting of Rome outside in Mr. Lubbock's book that is a part of its quiet originality; but it is this waiting of Rome also that amazes me. The rumor and power of Rome I can see is felt and, even more, is critically perceived. I have a sense of a certain reliable apprehension of the qualities of the city, and of taste brought to it and ripe culture of mind, and of sensitive and right feeling. But I have a sense too of Rome as a mere ramification of an Oxford mood and English ego, singularly absorbed with details that are whimsical, personal, pleasantly gossipy and easily shared. Or Rome here is like a superb domain in which an insular soul can discover itself. It is a self-depreciative soul, socially abashed, but solid enough nevertheless with its own sort of assurance. It will not forget itself. It will enjoy the advantages of modesty in the midst of all this Latinity that is so teeming, so unselfconscious. Or sometimes in these pages Rome is too much like mere weather, that underlying subject of English life. And about this mood of his, or Rome, whichever you choose to call it, the author remains in the face of splendor sometimes a little timid, and in every case, save where a droll irony or sly humor will achieve his aim, always reticent.

For my part I like this book, it is one of the few bearable books on Italy in the world so far. But I am not willing to sit down with the author and both of us pretend that we are as cool and delightful and droll as all this; not while life is life and youth is youth, nor while the golden and brown walls and stairs, the pines, the cypresses, the suavity of the dome of St. Peter's, the colonnades, are there in Rome; not while the faintest memory is left of that magnificent centre of magnificent time, with its fountains sounding in the vast stone streets, its palaces and worldly pomps, and its impenetrable permanence and cynicism. And yet every book, of course, has a right to its own intention and to be judged by itself. And this reticence and light touch is, as all of us know by now, good literary cricket in an English essayist. At any rate it is one of the things that helps to make Mr. Lubbock's book so delightful, so well bred, so satisfactory in its sophistication, so wisely swung. But it is also one of the things, I may say, that helps us understand why London is not Rome.

S. Y.

Dunsany Anew

Plays of Gods and Men, Plays of Near and Far, by Lord Dunsany. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $1.75.

IT might be amusing to take up the suggested challenge of If Shakespeare Lived Today and try to judge the new collection Putnam offers of Lord Dunsany's plays as if one had never heard of him. It is easier to do so in the volume entitled Plays of Near and Far than in Plays of Gods and Men, because the latter consists of four of the most famous plays already produced—The Tents of the Arabs, The Laughter of the Gods, The Queen's Enemies, and A Night at an Inn—and the destiny-and-impending-doom motive that runs through them all might seem familiar because of Maeterlinck's use of them, even if we did not recognize the stone-stamp Dunsany prefers to a rubber one in his catastrophes.

Judging with our professed detachment from the author's established fame, we would find in his work a strong dramatic sense clothed in a murky veil of mechanical mystery, shot with flashes of wit and gleams of irony. Little humor, if by that we mean a sense of the ludicrous—else how could the author persist in teetering, as he so often does, on the precarious brink of the sublime? So slight an impulse would precipitate him into the comic that the reader has an almost conscious pride in continued admiration—and conscious virtue in refraining from too-easy parody! This may be the unfortunate effect of reading in succession works meant to be presented singly—and a single Dunsany play in a contrasting program is as effective as a black opal artfully set—a smouldering jewel with a somewhat artificial valuation.

His exotic imagery, sombre beauty, and the constant elusive suggestion of oracular wisdom never clearly revealed, combined with the power of evoking a nightmare sense of inescapable horror—the very substance of a bad dream!—give Dunsany imaginative mastery. But we doubt if our detached critic could pronounce The Compromise of the King of the Golden Isles, If Shakespeare Lived Today, and Fame and the Poet more than "clever" or "promising." (We see Lord Dunsany's fame, not vulgar and strident like that of his Poet, but in the guise of a matronly and dressy Précieuse, with blue stockings all too well-filled, who—tho' passing fair—might be fairer for reducing a bit!) A Good Bargain would make one very hopeful for a young poet—joyous and fanciful, lovely and whimsical as it is. But Cheezo is merely worthy cudgel-play.

Lord Dunsany, as his preface indicates, loves best The Flight of the Queen, and were one not teased by wondering if Maeterlinck would not have done it better, it would be easy to agree with him. But the actual disaffected critic would rather have written A Good Bargain, and rather have read The Tents of the Arabs than the more striking plays grouped with it.

Reading plays bound in a volume is admittedly poor diversion, like shooting driven birds. Yet if the authors and publishers choose to beat them out, we may consider them fair literary game. Lord Dunsany provides his established friends with noble sport,—soaring beauty in the printed words, despite the taint of an unnatural presentation. Yet we—in our role of new acquaintance—would look forward to a more purely poetic revelation of his gift than these two volumes offer.

DOROTHY BACON WOOLSEY.

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The Remnant, by Rufus M. Jones. London: The Swarthmore Press. 5s.

PROFESSOR JONES, the distinguished scholar of Haverford College, has from time to time turned aside from the production of such major works as his Studies in Mystical Religion, his Spiritual Reformers of the Sixteenth and Seventeenth Centuries and his histories of Quakerism, to give us such charmingly readable opuscula as The Double Search and this present volume.

> By "the remnant" used in the historical sense, we mean the small, outstanding group of persons who have vision of the true line of march for their age and people, clear insight into the underlying principle of life and action, and a faith that ventures everything to achieve what ought to be. It is the small circle of those who give their mind to the things that are true and elevated and just and pure and lovely and of good report. A few—a rare and chosen few—travel on ahead of the rest. They are willing to pay the price, in agony and suffering, which is always involved in spiritual advances.

These sentences define very well what Professor Jones means by what he calls "the remnant-idea." Among the historical embodiments of the idea dealt with in the various chapters are the Montanists, the Donatists, the Franciscans, the Waldenses, the fourteenth century Friends of God, the Anabaptists and the Quakers. The book closes with two chapters of general reflections upon the part played by spiritually-minded minorities in religious history. Although the writer does not conceal where his own sympathies lie, generous recognition is made of the rights of the majority and of the value of public spirit. Altogether this little work can be heartily recommended as among the best of its kind, to all who care to browse in the quieter pastures of our spiritual past. JOHN BAILLIE.

Alfred A. Knopf published on August 15th The Dove's Nest and Other Stories by Katharine Mansfield, of which a review (of the English edition) by Conrad Aiken appeared in The New Republic of August 8th.

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Full text of the British Note of August 11th and of the French reply, printed in parallel columns, paragraph by paragraph. 16 pages.
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